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GOD IN MAN.

By SARAH ELIZABETH GRISWOLD.

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1893



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This book claims no "personality," but is the doctrine of salvation revealed to the world; and to the beloved teacher who, by wise and loving ministrations, led me to the "open door," it is gratefully and lovingly dedicated.

S. E. G.

INTRODUCTION.

IN writing this book I have aimed to be led by the Spirit every step of the way.

Many of the truths contained herein I have demonstrated, and I know, through listening to the voice within my soul, that every problem of the external plane is amenable to the principle of Truth and Righteousness. To espouse the whole truth is to be wholly free; to be wise even unto perfect judgment; to be loving even unto infinite mercy; to possess that peace which passeth understanding, and "to know God, whom to know aright is Life eternal." I feel that the "day of the Lord" is upon us, wherein Truth shall prevail, and I cannot withhold the precious store of wisdom which has come to me by wonderful spiritual processes.

The reader will find, in Aunt Mary's line of reasonings, a profound spiritual philosophy. By some it may be termed Idealism; but careful study will show it to be exceedingly practical.

These reasonings are not new. Deep thinkers of all ages have reasoned thus, but some question of most profound import as bearing upon the whole, they have omitted, and thereby failed to prove their propositions.

Of what use is a theology which can be used by a few ministers only? and these even have shown that in their idea of God—of Life—there is sin, sickness, failure, death; and their demonstrations have been according to their idea of the God whom they declare to be omnipresent.

M. M. L., May 2, 1913.

A religion which cannot prove God to be Divine Harmony in every phase, must forever fail to satisfy the ideal expectation of humanity; and *this day* humanity is crying out for the living God; the glowing, vitalizing essence of Life; and shall we offer it less than the perfect demonstration of a perfect God?

World-weary eyes are endeavoring to pierce the clouds of mystery with which the letter of so-called Christianity has covered the merciful love of the most high God.

It can be so hidden *no longer*. The divine humanity is breaking through the clouds of delusion. The Sun of Righteousness *has risen* with *healing* in his beams. No longer shall it be said, "The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not;" but the darkness shall flee away before the glory of the Father as manifested by his children.

Dear readers, *you* are the temples of the living God; and within you, as within your elder brother, the Christ, dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead *bodily*.

When you have found the Christ within your own being, he shall tell you plainly of the Father; *then* shall you have found eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

S. E. G.

OUT OF LAW INTO GOSPEL;

OR, GOD IN MAN.

CHAPTER I.

The truth shall make you free.—*John 8:32.*

A quiet evening, a homelike apartment, a matron seated at the window, and a young woman walking nervously to and fro, and you have the foreground of our tale,—a tale of real life so different from the conceit of that phrase as commonly used, as to bear no possible resemblance to it.

The lady at the window is Mrs. Mary Warren, a widow of middle age, fair and sweet to look upon, with an expression speaking of absolute peace; yet something tells the observer that peace has been secured by warfare of some kind, for lines cross upon the noble forehead and around the patient mouth, and the clear eyes, when not lighted by animation, are very pensive.

The other lady is a remarkable-looking young woman, tall and perfectly formed, with an appearance of strength quite unusual to her sex. Her eyes are very beautiful,—gray in color, with remarkably large pupils, and their wide-open frank fearlessness reminds one of the eyes of a deer. All her movements are after the same fashion,—frank, fearless, and free. Everything about Marion Lindsey is beautiful; not as beauty is generally regarded, but with a largeness, grandness, and

nobility of character which is so impressive and yet so hard to describe. She is Mrs. Warren's niece, and they live together, and love each other tenderly. Marion is sole editor of a woman's paper. She seems very much disturbed just now, and we will gather from her own lips the cause of her disquietude.

"Aunt Mary," said she, with a quiver in her voice, "this problem we are all trying to solve is getting quite, *quite* beyond me."

"What problem, dear?"

"The problem of life, Aunt Mary," answered she, seating herself very erect, as if she were ready for another battle with the problem in question. Marion was in the habit of dealing very plainly with the public, and though her spirited editorials were enjoyed by the masses, there were those always ready to criticise; and Marion was sensitive to criticism. "You see, Auntie, I have been trying for four troubled years to maintain my equilibrium as an editor,—to say truth without being offensive, to administer correction without abuse, to sow a little good seed among my tares; and every week or two I find I have hurt some feelings and angered others, and I have about made up my mind to resign my position as one of the would-be reformers, and attend exclusively to minding my own business." Her niece being much addicted to self-condemnation, Mrs. Warren was not greatly moved by her exceedingly rigid attitude or emphatic denunciation of self.

After a short silence she raised her eyes and espied Marion furtively wiping away a tear that had slid to the end of her shapely nose.

"Daughter," said she, "it is not for you to condemn

yourself if your action has been the outcome of pure motive, as I am confident it must have been."

Aunt Mary had some "theories," as her niece called them, with which Marion did not quite agree,—perhaps because she did not take time to understand them; but nevertheless she brought all her perplexities to the faithful heart and wise judgment.

"I am sure, Marion," she continued, "you have done the very best you could; and who could do more?"

"Auntie, if I had done the best I could, should I have given offense? Am I not responsible for bad judgment? Am I a child?"

"My dearest, we are all children in different stages of unfoldment. If we are meek, innocent, and teachable children, we are divinely natural; then we are indeed children of the 'kingdom,' and are divinely led; but if we are self-willed and rebellious, we are sure to meet with friction."

"Auntie, I am afraid it is from self-will that I have not listened to you before, when you have so patiently tried to smooth out my lines of life."

"I am afraid it is, my child, though I am sure it has been quite unintentional," was the loving reply.

"Well, dear Auntie, I think I shall have to listen to you even at this late day; for my lines seem very much tangled; and if anyone can teach me, you can, out of your abundant experience. I will try to curb my self-will, and be as a little child, if you will try me again and kindly explain to me, first, what you mean by saying that I do the very best I can, when I seem to bring about such undesirable conditions."

"We shall have to treat the subject generally, then,

and look at it from all sides. My line of reasoning has brought me to see that all humanity is one, and 'that One' is God. That is, humanity is God manifest in the flesh."

"That was said of Jesus," mused Marion; "but then he was the Son of God."

"Yes, dear, he was God's well-beloved son, because he *truly* manifested the Father."

"And we do not, I see; but *could* we, Aunt Mary, by *any possible effort*, manifest God as Jesus did?"

"I believe we may, and *will* do so eventually. Of course we must come to that stage of unfoldment by degrees; but let me proceed. Can you not see that if humanity is God in manifestation, that back of that manifestation is the omnipotent Jehovah himself, and consequently mankind is in its essence divine, and thus harmonious?"

"But, Aunt Mary, it seems to me *that* only makes more perplexity. Why are people different—apparently rather than essentially?"

"You see, Marion, every substance casts a shadow, or reflection, as the human personality is the reflection or projection of the divine Substance."

"Excuse me, Auntie, please; but how does it happen that so many false manifestations appear?"

"Well, you will remember that the character of the shadow or reflection depends upon the point of vision as relating to the substance. You have seen, have you not, very grotesque shadows entirely misrepresenting their real substance? You knew all the time they were misrepresentations, and you looked right through them at the truth of the substance they were shadowing. So

we may look right through the shadow and see only Reality—God. But, Marion, until we know this we are *in the shadow*, and while we are in the shadow we *believe* the shadow. Thus the Divine is veiled from our view, for we can only see and recognize the Divine in all mankind after having discovered it within ourselves.”

“But, Aunt Mary, if we are unconscious of our true nature, what is it that is working us? We go on just the same, it seems to me.”

“My dear, it is like being asleep and dreaming, and in our dream life going on in strange, unsatisfactory ways; and not being guided by wisdom, nothing comes to the right conclusion. In our dream we are led by false reasoning, and so in our earth lives, when apart from a knowledge of God and of self, we are led by the subtleties of intellect, which imagines false gods. Intellect itself is one of the gods of the world; fame is another, and gold is another,—all false gods when considered apart from Truth. But intellect as the servant of Truth is a good servant. To be famous for Love and Wisdom is a matter of rejoicing; and gold, as contained within the omnipresent Good, is Good externalized. Now we will hasten to the conclusion of the matter, which is, that all are doing the best they can. When knowledge of God and self has come to one, he or she is sure to do right whichever way he may go; for one cannot be led wrong by the Spirit, and one is never consciously led by the Spirit except he walk no more after the flesh; for walking after the flesh is to be asleep or unconscious of Truth,—in which condition who can blame people for erratic proceedings or unreasonable actions? for they are

only acting out their dream life. They are doing the best they can, the best they know."

"Auntie," said a very meek voice, quite unlike the usual tone, "have I been dreaming all my life?"

"It seems so, dear, and so you have been doing the best you could, the best you knew; but, my daughter, God has been with you always, though you have realized it not; and you have been 'saved out of your distresses' as much as possible by the omnipresence of the eternal Good."

"Dear Aunt Mary, I think I am waking," she said.

"God be praised, my child!"

"One question more, Auntie, if I am not drawing too heavily upon your kindness."

"Say on, dear."

"You said, 'A knowledge of God and of *self*.' What do you mean by a knowledge of *self*?"

"Marion, God is the self of *all*. To know that God is your supreme self is to realize your oneness with the Father, even as Jesus did."

"I do not understand how God can be *myself*."

"I will tell you, Marion, how it seems to me; and by careful study of the subject, its reasonableness will grow upon you very convincingly. God is Spirit, Life, and not personality as the world interprets personality. *We* are no more personal than God, in our essentiality. We are *God individualized*; and to be identified as individual we must manifest in form; or in other words, we are the forms and voices of God, who is embodied within his individualized ideas, *which we are*. There is really only one Mind. There is only one true, reliable Intelligence, and we are so truly identified with *it* that it is

seen to lie back of all we think and do,—thus our intelligent volition by which we *will* and *do*; and we are so at one with it, that we are *it*. We, as to our bodies, are formulations through Mind of the one divine Substance, Origin, or Father. The sonship of the Father is humanity in its true estate. ‘I and my Father are one.’ Can you imagine the ocean with its countless waves?—and no wave can be identified separately, yet it is *one wave* of the ocean. Think, for a moment, of the sun with its countless millions of rays, each of which performs its own most important office, yet never separated from its source; for from its source *itself* is the projection. We are immersed in the all-pervading infinite Life, and if we *could* be for one brief moment separated from our parent Life, we should in that moment *cease to be*; and as a fleecy cloud somewhat obscures the brightness of the sun to our vision, so our earthly bodies veil the exceeding glory of the Father, or life Principle, within. The Father is the still shining Glory, or *Life*. The son is the Life in operation, or the divine activity. We, as to the true operation of our divine nature, are both the Father and the son. We are also the Holy Spirit, the motherhood of God,—the brooding, enfolding love of the Absolute. Woman represents love, the most celestial principle of the Godhead; and as love is quick to see, to interpret, therefore she represents intuition. It is this phase of the life principle which is the warm, glowing, fervent, and indeed working principle of *all things*. And in the very church where this is most ardently represented by its founder, woman literally obeys the injunction of Paul, that dear old bachelor (who had some very peculiar

notions about women): 'Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for woman to speak in church.'"

"I wonder what he would have you and me do, Auntie, who have no husbands to instruct us?"

"Paul was a brave, sincere man, and his memory is a living monument of the fearlessness of honest conviction; but I fancy he has learned many a truth since he laid aside the body, and would teach very differently at this day. It is fortunate that many understand this and are able to accept the truths he put forth, and see the rest as only a shadow. The church of which I speak, which I love dearly,—for its doctrines, if they were understood, are the very spirit of the teachings of the Christ,—does not stipulate that woman shall keep silent because Paul so advised, but from an idea that as man represents wisdom and woman love, wisdom is the expression of intelligence and love its meek follower, never remembering that love gives life and vitality to wisdom, which is wholly dependent upon it for all its working power. Swedenborg says that 'Divine love forms life as fire forms light, and the light of this love is intelligence, from which proceeds wisdom'; therefore wisdom depends wholly for its existence and activity upon love."

"I do not see how the church *can* so misunderstand the truth, Auntie."

"It is because they are living in the cold, white light of *their* idea of wisdom; but it is a lifeless thing, and

must so remain until warmed into life by the activity of divine Love, as demonstrated by its members; then the church shall have discovered *its heart*, its throbbing life-blood. Pardon this digression from our subject, my dear, and let us return. There is nothing of God that we are not, in our true being. We have within us that guiding star of life, the Christ principle, which is divine consciousness. By this we have knowledge of the Father. Knowledge of the Father, then, is Christ-hood. The father principle is wisdom; the mother principle is love. The son is love and wisdom in operation. Do you see, Marion?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, I do see. What an expounder you are!"

"Well, dear, I have long and earnestly considered this subject, and the Spirit has taught me, as he is now teaching you through me. Now, my child, I think you have quite enough food for reflection for the present. When you are inclined for more we will speak of it again."

"Thank you so much, dear Auntie; good night."

In her room, Marion sat down to think for herself. A spell of silence seemed to enfold her; it was as if she were asleep, yet she had never been so fully conscious in her life.

Downstairs, Aunt Mary was silent also. The clear, spiritual perception of the one penetrated the newly awakened, longing soul of the other. Both were at the table of the Lord. The cup of one was running over, the other cup receiving its first conscious communion with its indwelling supply.

CHAPTER II.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.— *Deut. 33:25.*

When ready to go forth to her duties on the following day, Marion knelt at Aunt Mary's side, and softly stroking her cheek, said: "Will you give me an armor for the day, Auntie?"

"Yes, Marion, I will give you some thoughts to hold which will be your shield and buckler just to the extent of your ability to realize their truth. It is good to say with both heart and tongue, 'I live every moment in the omnipresent Good; I am folded in the everlasting mantle of Love; I and my Father are one; thus I am lived and moved by him.'"

Marion softly kissed the quiet hands and went away; not hurried, as was her wont, but calmly, quietly, as if already a measure of peace had come to her. Aunt Mary understood, and smilingly murmured, "Peace be with thee, my child!"

There are certain natures which seem to pass through rugged ways before finding their Canaan. The children of Israel symbolize this class. A certain letter of the law preserves their equilibrium, and sooner or later they work along their own individual line into the gospel, where they find the Christ in themselves. Intellectual dominion delays one long on this road; it is the subtlest of blind guides, for it pretends to be wise, to be learned, to be good judgment. It is a deceiver, and must be

shown up in its true light before it can be reduced to order. This had been Marion's drawback, and only through oft-repeated embarrassments did she learn that self-derived intelligence is an unreliable guide.

Aunt Mary sent her many loving thoughts as the day passed on, and at three in the afternoon she came in with a light step and smiling face. Having hung her garments in the hall, she drew an easy-chair directly in front of Aunt Mary, and waited, her face wreathed in smiles, to be questioned.

"Well, dear, did your armor do its duty?"

"Aunt Mary," she replied, her voice full of feeling, "this has been the first real day of my life; I have had such unusual experiences! When I went into the office, little Joe had neglected to make things tidy, and in the old way I should have scolded; but I felt no irritation, was calm and quiet, and Joe was evidently impressed, for he lost no time in making amends. I was astonished at myself, but finally concluded that the statements of truth I had been whispering to myself all the way, had proven my armor against irritation. It was a very refreshing experience, and made me strong for what came next.

"About an hour after, I was walking up the street toward the post office, when in the distance I saw Wheeler of the *Independent*, bearing down upon me with anything but a kindly expression. I instantly tightened my armor, by saying to myself and to him: 'You and I are folded in the mantle of Love.' I had time to repeat the statement several times before he reached me. He came up and we faced each other; he must have seen peace in my eye, for his fierce expression changed, and

he began to laugh. 'Miss Lindsey,' said he, 'I was prepared to order pistols and coffee for two; but you do not look alarmed, or even guilty.' I knew what the matter was, and invited him to go back to the office, where we soon settled our little misunderstanding. We had both engaged the same compositor, and she had come to me by mistake, when he had the first right. Of course I offered to give her up, but he had so far forgotten his anger that he would not accept my offer; so I am the gainer in many ways. I escaped a quarrel, gained a warmer friendship, and best of all, discovered a panacea for discord. Dear Auntie, I have reason to bless the day that made you my teacher. I never was so happy before, and all this blessed day has passed after the same fashion. Now, Auntie dear, give me another lesson, will you, please?"

"What shall it be about, Marion? Have you any questions to ask?"

"Yes; I have been wondering why ministers do not preach this truth. I never hear anything like it from the pulpit."

"Yet it is taught from some pulpits, were you only there to hear it. Sometimes it is spoken boldly, sometimes in disguise."

"How in disguise, Aunt Mary?"

"My dear, I think you must have discovered that many people are afraid to speak what they think, unless they are sure it will be accepted by their listeners; and ministers have congregations to please, and they are careful not to displease. Still it is often happening nowadays, that a man bursts his church-imposed limitations and boldly declares truth as it has been revealed to him;

and he as often finds the larger part of his people going his way as the other way."

"And how did you happen to find this beautiful way, Auntie?"

"Well, dear, you know before I came to live with your mother, when you were a child, I was for many years a bedridden invalid: I could not sit upright, and often could not move hand or foot. I did a great deal of thinking. I believed for years that it was the will of God that I should suffer, and I tried to be resigned to my helpless state. Like the woman of whom we read in the Scriptures, I spent all my living upon physicians, and grew no better, but rather worse.

"One day a lady was reading to me from the Bible, and in speaking of Christ's healing, she remarked: "It seems strange that he does not heal nowadays as he used to do, since he declares that he is with us always, even unto the end of the world. Surely, he has the power to do all things now as then. You know he said, All power is given unto me in heaven and earth."

"After she went away, those words rang in my ears: 'I am with you alway;' 'All power is given unto me.' When I closed my eyes I seemed to see them, and it was as if voices all around me were repeating them. Other passages came trooping into memory: 'Whatsoever ye ask in my name it shall be given you.' I asked myself, 'Can it be that God does not will me to be afflicted?' Instantly came the statement, 'God is Love.' I asked, 'Can Love afflict?' Reason declared to the contrary. Oh, I would be so glad to believe that God did not *will my bondage!* I said, 'God is Love, and Love, even that of earthly parents, does not deliberately afflict its children.'

"I think I at once made up my mind that God did not want me to suffer. This deprived me of my resignation, and then I was exceedingly rebellious. I said, 'If God does not want me to suffer, and he is omnipotent, he can lift me out of it; I am going to ask him;' and I did. How I prayed night and day! I said, 'I *will* get well.'

"Again my friend who started this train of thought, visited me, and I told her all about it. She was half frightened at my rebellion, and yet her heart was with me. She said: 'Suppose as you pray, you try what you can do; put your foot out of the bed, or something; and another thing I have just thought of,—don't you remember we are told to believe we have what we are praying for, and we do have it? And now I think more about it, we are told—"According to your faith be it unto you." *Have* you had any faith, Mary, do you think?'

"I was almost indignant at the question, and I exclaimed vehemently, 'Faith! of course I have. See here;' and I thrust my hitherto helpless foot out of bed. I could have screamed with pain, but instead, put out the other foot."

"Oh, Auntie," said Marion, with tears in her eyes, "how it must have hurt!"

"It hurt, yes; but I had great strength given me from that hour. I daily compelled myself to move, and in less than a week had risen to a sitting posture.

"I continued to say 'God does not want me to be sick and in bondage'; and the pain would always go away when I began to realize that God is Love, and Love is comforting instead of cruel.

"Well, Marion, I recovered, as you see; and not a scar

remains. Even my hands, which were drawn out of shape, are straightened."

"Yes, Auntie, they are beautiful hands; I cannot conceive of their having been otherwise. What a wonderful experience you have had! But, Aunt Mary, how have you learned so many other things about God and yourself?"

"I am not the only one, Marion, by any means, who has discovered the sublime truth of God's perfect love and harmony, as truly manifested in us his children. Jesus Christ taught that we have only to look unto him and live; that is, we have only to learn the meaning of his words, which are Life, Health, and Peace. The finer, more transcendent meanings of his words have been nearly lost to the world; but they are coming forth again, clad in more celestial raiment, and many are listening and being redeemed. When we are very still, and have laid aside all pride of intellect, we become like little children sitting at the feet of eternal Truth, and learning wisdom from Wisdom's self."

"Can we all hear the voice, Auntie?"

"All, my child; for the voice is the supreme self within every human being. It is the indwelling Father."

"Aunt Mary, is it not what is called 'inspiration'?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose it is."

"I always supposed none were inspired except the prophets," said Marion.

"I think that has been the prevailing idea; but you see from our standpoint of God as the divine center of each individual, each may become inspired according to his or her measure of realization of the force within. All truth is inspiration, no matter to whom or by whom

it is presented. God is no respecter of persons; all are himself in manifestation."

"Auntie, I have just discovered something: when little Lou Allerton came so near dying last summer, and the doctor gave her up, you said she would not die; and you remained there all night, I remember, and in the morning she was so well as to cry for her breakfast. Yes, and you would feed her, and frightened her mother into thinking you were going to kill her. Aunt Mary, you saved that child's life—I know you did. People thought it was your wonderful nursing; I heard the doctor say so. What did you do, Aunt Mary?"

"I just believed the truth about the child, Marion; that was all."

"Tell me, please, Auntie."

"Well, Marion, the truth of everyone is, *God within*. If God is the truth within, who can defeat God? God is Life, not death."

"But people die, notwithstanding."

"Yes, they pass out of the body, because there is no one to tell the truth about God to them and of them."

"I do not understand, Aunt Mary."

"Marion, suppose you have a million of dollars, and you have not discovered it, and no one has discovered it for you; does it do you any good? Can you make use of it when neither yourself nor another knows about it?"

"Certainly not," said Marion.

"Well, we each have something more than a million of dollars; we have God within, the principle of Life. The body is its manifestation. If we know *that* truth, we say 'Life is within me, not death'; and according to our faith is it unto us. I told the truth about little Lou, and my

true thoughts fell softly into her unconscious mind, and thus the truth reached her through me. In other words, God in me saw himself in her, and Life prevailed."

"That is very beautiful, Aunt Mary; and yet I do not more than half comprehend it, it is all so new."

"It will come to your realization day by day as you meditate upon it. There are many ways by which we grow in the knowledge of the truth: by making a practical application of it at every opportunity, as you did today; by meditating deeply upon it in the silence; and by teaching it to others. All these are wonderful means of growth, or unfoldment."

"Aunt Mary, you ought to be a preacher."

"I am a preacher, dear. We are all preachers the moment we open our eyes to the truth. It is quite impossible to withhold it from others; and every good, true word is the gospel of truth, whether it is spoken in the closet or upon the housetop."

"In the closet, Auntie?"

"Yes, Marion, even there. Our thoughts are swift-winged messengers who fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. Let me illustrate: If you drop a pebble into the quiet lake, it will cause the waves to circle even to the shore; and natural scientists declare that the falling of that pebble causes every drop of water upon the globe to move. And so our thoughts—for we are all of one mind—circle far and wide; and when we *know* this, our knowledge gives an impetus to the thought we wish to send as a messenger of peace and healing, and it goes in swift circles, widening ever, and brooding over our world with its soft beneficence."

"How wonderful it is," said Marion. "I shall be very careful to send only thoughts of truth hereafter."

"We have need to be, my dear. It is thus our grand, beautiful world shall come to know its God, the true God of all the earth."

Marion arose from her chair and paced to and fro thoughtfully. She was a noble woman, and in the new, soft, holy light shining in her gray eyes, was a prophecy of great power which should go far toward promoting the advent of Truth upon the earth. She must have vaguely felt it, for she said, looking down at her aunt with dreamy eyes: "Aunt Mary, you remember Jesus Christ bade his disciples go preach the gospel to every creature."

She stood a moment with such a lovely smile upon her face; and then dropping a soft kiss upon Auntie's cheek, left the room in silence.



CHAPTER III.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.—*John 1:18.*

As time passed, Marion wore her armor faithfully, and sowed good seed by the way.

She had in her employ a young girl to whom she was greatly attached. Helen Noble was an orphan, and quite alone in the world, when Marion found her one day sitting in the public library, trying to read, but with a troubled look upon her face, telling of a heart ill at ease. Marion was waiting for a friend, and having nothing else to engage her attention, watched the troubled face curiously. The girl would occasionally start and look around as if expecting some one. After several disappointments the tears gathered in her eyes, and putting her book away she leaned against a window, appearing to look out upon the street. Marion could see her furtively wiping her tears away, and her heart melted in sympathy. Going up to her she softly touched her shoulder, saying instantly: "My dear, do not be startled; I am your friend, and want to comfort you." A sob was her only reply. She waited a moment, then drew the unresisting girl into a retired corner, and putting her arm around her, drew the wet face to her shoulder, and waited until she was sufficiently recovered to speak. At length she said: "My child, when you are ready to tell me, I am ready to listen, and help if I can."

"You are very good," sobbed the girl; "I did not think I had a friend in all the world."

"Well, you have," said Marion, "and I am that friend; now tell me what it is all about."

It was by no means a new tale to which Marion listened on the contrary, it is oft told. The girl was out of work, and suffering for the necessities of life. A lady whom she had met had promised to aid her in securing employment, and had appointed to meet her in the library; and here she had come for three days, waiting and hoping, until her courage failed; and thus Marion found her. She had indeed found a friend at last, and was comfortably provided for. Marion took her into the office, and there she had remained for two years; and so faithful and competent had she proven, that Marion was greatly attached to her, and often declared she could not see how she ever managed without her.

Of course Marion's new-found joy was confided to Helen, and she, too, tried the new way and found it good.

Tonight Aunt Mary had promised them both a lesson, and they had seated themselves where they could look directly into her kind eyes, the better to receive her instruction. "Now, my dears, I am ready to answer any question you may have in mind; and as Helen is company, she may begin."

"Marion tells me," said Helen, "that God is not a 'person'; will you please explain how Intelligence can be without form, and how a formless being can create and control?"

"Let me relate a dream. I fell asleep with my mind full of questionings, and dreamed I stood alone upon the

earth. I looked in vain for a single object; not a stone, not a tree. I walked to and fro, and wondered. I looked above. Yes, there were clouds, and among the clouds I saw a face, and the eyes were looking into mine. How glad I was to see that face, even though it were among the clouds! I called, 'Come down here, will you not? I am all alone.' A voice answered, 'You are not alone.' 'I see no one,' I said. 'God is with you,' said the voice. I answered, 'I do not see him.' 'Would you see him?' 'Oh, yes!' I cried eagerly. 'Behold him, then.' I looked, and slowly lofty mountains appeared in the distance, and somewhat nearer a shining sheet of water; trees and flowers sprang up around me, and a flock of sheep were feeding near; birds flew from tree to tree, singing sweetly; insects hummed joyfully among the sweet-scented flowers. I gazed and gazed. How wonderful!

"'Do you see God?' said the voice. 'I see a marvelous landscape,' said I. 'It is God manifesting,' said the voice. I saw that it spoke truth. None but God could so create; but something more I wanted. 'I see what you mean,' I said, 'but I want to see God in form and hear his voice.' 'Look and listen,' it said. I looked, and both near me and in the distance I saw men and women and little children, and heard them speak; and their faces were bright with intelligence, and their voices were loving and sweet. I turned my face to the clouds, and asked, 'Are these the forms and voices of God?' 'They are,' answered the voice. 'But they are not *God*, are they?' 'All you see is God. God is everywhere.' 'But can I never see God as *One*, as above all else?' 'Can you see your soul? When you can you

will see the divine Essence.' As it uttered these words a great whirlwind rushed upon me and all things, and when it had passed, the earth was bare of every living thing, and was as empty as I found it. I looked for the face, and it, too, was gone. I was so distressed that I awoke. Until morning I pondered upon that dream, and it became very clear to me that whatever we know of God is discovered to us by the Divine within us.

"Think for a moment: could you understand and appreciate music if you had not its counterpart within you? Your idea of music meets its response somewhere in your environments; and so an understanding of God *all* may have, for he is the source of that knowledge and is the source and center of every human life; and as for the 'form of God,'—as I saw in my dream, God has many forms. In *all things* he is seen and heard, but his highest manifestation is humanity, which is the 'personality of God.' Is it clear to you, Helen?"

"Yes'm, I understand, though it is all very new to me. I have often wondered how God could be everywhere and yet be a person with a form like a man."

"My dear, God is all-pervading Life, and that Life sustains *all things*. If we could for a single moment be separated from that Life we should cease to exist. And when we reflect that that Life is Love also, we seem very rich, do we not?"

"Indeed we do," answered both listeners.

"But, Aunt Mary, we do see a great deal that is not of love, but rather of hate; good will does not seem to manifest as much as ill will."

"It is only in the seeming, Marion. For example: we see a play acted upon the boards of the theater, and it is

so like reality that it makes us cry, though all the time we very well know it is mere play. There is neither truth nor reality in it. It is just so with those who have not awakened to the one reality, the one truth. They are only actors upon the stage of their dream life, going through tragedy and farce, always seeking satisfaction and failing to find it; for whatever they do, be it farce or tragedy, it is all the same; it is only acting; it is not reality."

"But, Mrs. Warren," said Helen, "it seems to me that such a doctrine deprives man of moral responsibility."

"Certainly; that is part of the whole. If a man should murder a whole town in his sleep no blame could be attached to him."

"And if he be hanged for his murder," said Marion, "what then?"

"It is simply part of the dream; but, girls, it only takes a moment to wake to truth; and when that awakening once comes, there is no more delusion forever."

"And that awakening, Auntie?"

"Is simply to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. Jesus Christ means the perfect manifestation and full consciousness of the Father: to know God is eternal life, and eternal life is liberation from earth-bound ideas or delusion, knowing God as the supreme Self and Reality, and knowing that God and humanity are in essence one."

"It seems strange that mankind should be so bound by delusion; do you think it was always so, Auntie?"

"I have been much perplexed about it, my dear, and my line of reasoning has brought me to a conclusion which seems to me to be true; yet it is solely my own

conclusion, and to become true to another must find a response within his own intelligence."

"Will you tell us what your line of reasoning has brought to you?" asked Helen. "I am sure it cannot be far from the truth."

"Thank you, Helen. All intelligence is of God, and if my conclusions are not true they will fall of their own conceit. Yes, I will give you the benefit of my thoughts upon this subject. Swedenborg tells of a dispensation or era called the "golden age." I understand that these people were in a state of innocence from good, of which gold is the symbol; for as gold is absolutely pure, so good in its innocence, ignorant of anything unlike itself, is purity itself. Up to this time the race was in its infancy, and thus open to the sphere of innocence such as infancy enjoys; and while they grew in stature they still retained the innocence of perfect goodness, since they knew nothing else, and were led unquestioningly by the divine Spirit.

"In this condition they were divinely natural; but while they manifested divine goodness they did not manifest divine wisdom, which must be united to divine goodness before it can become the full stature of the divine man, or God manifest in truth. They were possessed of all Godlikeness potentially, but had not as yet developed the faculty of reasoning from the standpoint of individuality, being thus far unquestioningly obedient to the leading of the Spirit, knowing only good, and thus in childlike innocence and freedom. For the full manifestation of their Godlikeness it was essential that they unite the wisdom to the love of God; and in order to accomplish this union they must learn to reason from the Di-

vine within them, abiding in individual judgment, which in its essence is divine.

“As these latent faculties began to unfold, the senses, the external, which until now had been simply obedient to Spirit, began to take to themselves importance. The intellect, which is upon the sense plane, claimed a conceit of its own, and a plane of self-will was formed, a mind apart from God, a seeming power apart from God. The *I* of the mortal, or man of the senses, claimed dominion. This was a state of delusion, being contrary to divine order, and is termed by Swedenborg, ‘phantasy.’ We might term it a species of insanity, which is the dominance of one idea over all others; and this idea which took entire possession of these once innocent, childlike beings, being entirely false, produced what seems a spiritual blindness; thus their insanity consisted in the dominion of self-love, which was the way they chose to walk apart from the real way of truth.

“We have this symbolized in the story of Eden, which was the race in its primitive innocence; the tree of life its essential Godhood, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil its faculty for reasoning, and thereby discrimination and freedom of choice. The Lord is the divine Ego or the soul center of every human being. Adam represents the race, of which Eve is the love principle. The serpent represents the sensual or sense plane.”

“Aunt Mary, please explain those two last statements about Eve and the serpent.”

“Wherever woman is spoken of in the Scriptures Love is meant, either in its truth or in its perversion. Adam being a race of people, Eve here represents the pure and innocent love or inclination (for inclination or

motive is from love) of the race in its infancy, now perverted into becoming the love of the senses, inasmuch as she is represented in the effort of enticing Adam or the race by sensual allurements to what is forbidden by the divine nature. This dominion of the sense plane, which is divine Love shadowed by false reasonings and thus 'inverted' (but never harmed or distorted), may be said to have thrown the mantle of delusion over the integrity of the race and uncovered to the senses what seemed a better way, but which has from that day to this proven a delusion and a snare. This is what is signified by the pair being clothed: their nakedness or innocence was hidden under a mantle of delusion. But notwithstanding this covering of error, the truth of the Good has always remained in its innocence and its purity.

"The conceit of the senses is represented by the serpent; for as the serpent crawls upon the ground, so the senses are the lowest plane of thought. When under the dominion of goodness and truth, they are divinely natural and performing important spiritual uses; but when exercising dominion, having no judgment to guide them, they act foolishly and falsely at every turn.

"So the serpent, the sensual principle, is said to have tempted (shadowed) the pure and childlike love of the race; and Eden, the sacred garden of the Lord, closed its gates of innocence; and man walked in ways of his own choosing, the end whereof is death. As soon as the race began to go the way of the serpent—the senses—all its conditions changed. All things were seen in the lurid light of 'phantasy.' Now it called God angry and vengeful, because delusion was over all and cast a distorted shadow opposite the true God, and they saw the shadow

and called it God. All down the ages the true God has been shining on just the same, seeing nothing unlike his own perfect being, his innocence and wisdom and power. To return to him is to be saved from delusion forever.

“There is yet another illustration of this same situation, given in our Lord’s parable of the prodigal son. From his state of innocence and security, he, demanding of his father his patrimony (all divine possibilities), went in ways of his own choosing. As he went on independently (as it seemed to him) of his father’s aid, one by one his divine faculties became veiled from his sight and their distorted shadows were seen by him to be the truth of his conditions. He at last found that he could no longer live in these shadows; his soul cried out for living bread; he was starving. Thus he was led out of the shadow into the light by the returning consciousness of his divine inheritance. “It is very significant of the fact that we are in eternal freedom of choice, that the father let him go without objection and also return of his own free will.

“Now, my dears, I have but little more to say upon this subject; I feel that I am right. If evil is a delusion, which it certainly is if God—Good—is omnipresent, leaving no room for aught else, and if God is the essential self of every being, there must have been a time when the race was innocent of all knowledge except its own essential Good. I feel sure the time is rapidly approaching when ‘the knowledge of the Lord (divine Truth) shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.’ ”

“Auntie, cannot we do something to hasten that day?” asked Marion.

“We can do all the time, my child. Every time we hear a statement of the senses uttered, we can deny it in

our thought and affirm the truth; and do you not see that will keep us pretty busy?" asked Mrs. Warren, with an arch smile.

"I should say so, indeed; we hear stories told of the dominion of the senses everywhere we go. It is the chosen topic of conversation," said Marion.

"Well, we must leave no weak places in our armor, that we may be always ready to see the truth for ourselves and for mankind. Now, my girls, leave me alone, and go you and meditate upon what you have heard."

They kissed her with loving gratitude, and each went to seek in the silence of her own heart the verification of all Truth.

CHAPTER IV.

Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.—*Matt. 15:28*.

Some weeks had passed since the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, and our two young friends eagerly improved every opportunity of putting into practice the wonderful yet simple lessons of truth they had received from Aunt Mary. It seemed to Marion as if the fingers of Omnipotence touched all her affairs, they ran so smoothly, where friction had before been of such frequent occurrence; and daily she and Helen spoke together of it, and rejoiced with each other and gave thanks to the supreme Love and Wisdom which was so evidently teaching them every step of the way. They had been too much engaged with office duties to get a spare hour wherein to receive another of their much-prized lessons; but at length a lull occurred, and they hastened home with happy anticipations of a new accession of spiritual unfoldment. Aunt Mary was ready, of course; for none so happy as she in doing the Master's work.

"Oh, I am so glad of this precious hour!" sighed Marion, contentedly nestling amid the cushions of an easy-chair.

Mrs. Warren said: "I am ready, girls; what shall we talk about today?"

"Helen and I are anxious to know something about

healing the sick," answered Marion. "You were healed by using the word of truth instead of medicine, you told me."

"Yes, as I told you, I tried physicians and their remedies for nine weary years; and long after they pronounced my case hopeless, I was healed by the healing principle of the Christ,—the word of Truth."

"Can others heal as Jesus Christ did, Aunt Mary?"

"Certainly, if they have his knowledge of the truth about God and his relation to humanity."

"Will you explain your meaning, please?" asked Helen.

"In the first place, Jesus Christ knew the claim of sickness to be a false claim; that it is not a real condition; that the real condition is perfect health, perfect harmony."

"But the people said they were sick, and they must have seemed so or they would not have thought so," said Helen.

"That is true, my dear; they seemed so and they thought so, and to their comprehension they were so. But where Jesus saw truly they did not, for their belief in appearances veiled their true sight so that they were as people in a dream, and they were in a dream; still they suffered amid their delusions, and Jesus relieved their sufferings. Do you not remember what I told you about little Lou Allerton, Marion?"

"Yes; you said God in you saw himself in her, and Life prevailed; but I wish you would make it still clearer, if you please."

"I will try. The truth which Jesus knew and exemplified was, that as he and the Father are one, so all

mankind and the Father are one. He knew that all the men and women with whom he was brought in contact were as much the sons and daughters of God as he was; but he also saw that they neither recognized his sonship nor their own. They were like the prodigal, eating husks, and had not 'come to themselves.' He loved and pitied them, and he tried so often to open the eyes of their understanding, but they were not ready to see; thus they could not understand, except the few; so he did all he could, and healed their infirmities; and this is the way he healed, as it seems to me. He knew that they, being the sons of God and one with him, dwelt eternally in omnipresent Good. Omnipresent good is omnipresent health. You can see *that* must be so; and thus he knew that they, the real men and women, were whole and harmonious, just as God the Father is, for they being one with God, their divine Center and Life, could be no other way, in truth, than like him. He also knew that all things are conceived in thought, and as those people were not acting out their intrinsically perfect nature, they must be in mental disorder, thinking untrue thoughts, and thus projecting untrue conditions. You know how an untrue or vicious thought persistently held will grow and enlarge until the person holding it seems the embodiment of his thought. All diseases are caused by a wrong mental attitude. Many, very many, diseases are caused by fear,—fear of contagion, fear of failure, fear of sin. Who does not know that the heartache is said to kill people? and what causes heartache but wrong thoughts, worries, anxieties, fears, etc.? All these are false conditions, and if false, then unreal. No one realizing his oneness with the Father, the omnipres-

ent Good in whom he lives, moves, and has his being,— I say *realizing this*,— can be sick, or anxious, or fearful, or worried.

“Now Jesus knew and realized this truth as no other ever has, and thus he perfectly manifested the Divine, and was called truly the ‘Son of God,’ knowing his divine nature, and realizing to the full that the center and source of his and *all* being is the Father; and he looked straight into the face of everyone and saw God in each, and sent his true, healing thoughts right into the nest of lies and scattered and dissolved them instantly. Now, when you stop to consider that there is only one mind, you will see that all true thoughts are reflected upon its mirror-like surface by the invincible Spirit of Truth, and thus all mankind are connected through this universal mind into one great whole. Whatever touches this mind in one place is liable to traverse its length and breadth, for it is an ocean of infinity; thus the mind that was in Jesus Christ, which represents a clear and pure channel of divine operation, sent its waves of thought circling far and wide, and touching every spot rendered obscure by the false reasoning of the unregenerate nature, and healing every disease.”

“What do you mean by the ‘unregenerate nature’?” asked Helen.

“The unregenerate nature is the dominion of the senses. Paul speaks of it as the ‘carnal mind,’ and says it ‘is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.’ I think Paul is mistaken in saying that it *cannot* be subject to the law of God, although he may have meant that when it should have become subject to God’s

law it would no more be carnal, and that is true. Swedenborg speaks of it as the 'natural man.' It is the human intellect and the human will which are the external symbols of Godlike intelligence and the divine will, and which are rightly 'servants' instead of 'masters.'

"The student of Truth soon learns to make them know their place, and thus they become good and useful instruments of the Spirit. It is the unregenerate intellect and will which keep all mankind from the kingdom of God, or in other words, obscures their vision and keeps out the light of Omniscience; and man walks in darkness and knows not that the kingdom of heaven is at hand,—yea, even at the very doors. When he lets fall the curtain of his world-derived intelligence and becomes as a 'little child,' the light bursts in upon him and he sees that he is a 'son of God,' and inseparable from the omniscient Good."

"It is a wonderful doctrine," said Marion, "and fills me full of satisfaction."

"And so it is with me," said Helen. "I seem to have but just begun to really think."

"Auntie, I wish I could spread this blessed truth," said Marion, wistfully. "Cannot I do something now?"

"My dear child, are you not doing all the time?"

"Yes, in a way; but it seems so very little."

"You may not know how much it is, Marion. You are unfolding under the processes of Spirit and preparing for future work; no doubt you are doing all you ought to do. We are led every step of the way if we are meek enough to admit of the leading."

"I shall do something by and by," said Marion; "I shall preach this wondrous gospel, I'm determined. I

feel very much like shouting it from the housetop already."

"I am glad to see you so ardent, my dear; but many things remain to be accomplished in the closet first. It is a sacred mission to be the bearer of truth, and one's feet must be well shod with the preparation of the gospel before undertaking to dispense the 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.'"

"In regard to 'healing,' Aunt Mary, you think, do you not, that all people ought to be able to keep their own bodies in a healthful condition?"

"Yes, and this will eventually be the case, I am sure. It is all in the order of mind, you know; but all must seek first the kingdom of God before the gospel law will work for them."

"Still, Auntie, we see many people who seem quite upon the material plane who are strong and well, and seem quite happy in their worldly pleasures. Can you account for that?"

"I will tell you how it seems to me. It is the working of Principle. Whatever line you closely follow without deviation you identify yourself with; you embody your thought; you and your ideas are one and harmonious. Now if you choose a line of worldliness, no matter what it is, and all your thoughts and inclinations are immersed in it, your conditions will be harmonious and satisfactory on *that plane*; for as your aspirations are identical with that plane, and you are totally oblivious of spiritual needs, your conditions harmonize with your ideas. In other words, you are not mixing your conditions with ideas of *both* good and evil. People living this way are generally healthy and prosperous; they are

as content and happy as one is in a pleasant dream; their life is, however, a delusion, for they are unconscious of the *truth* of their being; and *that truth is all the reality there is*. Now, take a person who believes as I used to, that we are born in sin; that there is *no* good thing in us; even though we try to be good evil is present with us; we are afraid of the wrath of God; and even though we are conscientious (as we say) along all lines, we constantly condemn ourselves because we do no better, and consider ourselves as unworthy the least of our blessings. We believe that God is far from us and that we must beseech him for favor, even to the extent of shouting out our petitions, as many do.

“I remember when I first united with the church, I was very zealous, but withal rather practical. Our pastor, one evening at prayer meeting, called out, ‘Sister Mary, will you pray with us?’ I was ready for my duty, and so lifted up my voice and asked the Father for a few needed blessings, and quietly pronounced my amen. I have never forgotten how small and crushed I felt when Brother C. called out, in tones that said as plain as day, ‘That is not the kind of praying I want’—‘Mrs. C., will you pray?’

“Mrs. C. was his wife, and could petition quite after his own heart. They were good people and full of zeal, and *their way* of demonstration was in the endeavor to compel God by importunity to give them what they were already the recipients of, could their eyes have been opened to see the truth. Now, these good people who are trying to serve God and at the same time believe they are at the mercy of an evil power or person whom they call the devil, are the class who are believing

at cross-purposes, and according to their belief is it unto them. They are sick because they believe they are suffering according to the divine will. (Just think of infinite Harmony and Love and Peace wishing and decreeing people to be sick!) And because they think it is God's will they should be poor, poverty comes according to their belief; and because they believe they are sinners, they constantly demonstrate their belief by doing things which seem to them and to others to be sinful. Do you not see, girls, what a mixed condition they bring upon themselves?"

"Yes, indeed," answered both. "And I should think they would see for themselves," said Helen.

"They are beginning to see, Helen. The mighty Spirit of Truth is making its glorious pathway throughout the world. It is coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and glory, which means that the veil between man and his heaven or harmony is being penetrated by the truth represented in the Christ. As fast as people discover the truth about God, their conditions will demonstrate their belief. God is the all-Good, Life, health, strength, support, and defense of mankind, and to comprehend this is to manifest all these conditions.

"To believe that God is Life—nay, to absolutely realize this truth, and to know that we are one great whole, and that the divine Essence permeates the entire universe—is to be oblivious to death or decay. To believe in death and decay is to believe in failure of life; and as prosperity belongs to true, harmonious life, that belief brings failure to pass not only in affairs of business but in affairs of the heart, such as failure of friends

and death of those ties dearest to us; for death means failure of life; for life is eternal, as God is eternal."

"But, Aunt Mary, people die."

"*People* do not die, Marion. The body, which is not the man, but only an emanation of his thought, is sometimes laid aside, just as we would lay aside an old dress for which we have no further use; and it is pitiful that this simple process should be such a nightmare to the world. But the body need not be laid aside when the truth is known that man is master of all conditions.

"Did not God create man for dominion over *all things*? Who, then, shall take from him his body unless he choose to give it up? That body is his, *exclusively*; it is not God's apart from man's, for man and God are one; and God's will and man's regenerated will are one. When all mankind know the truth about God and themselves, God and his manifestations will be clearly seen to be one; and this is harmony, heaven; and this is all the heaven there is; and all the hell there is, is apartness from God, which is not heaven, but hell. And this apartness is only in belief; for no man, however vile he may seem to be, is for a moment apart from God; if he were, he would then and there cease to exist, just as a ray shut off from the sun would go out forever. God is the life of all men and things. Even the stone inhales the omnipresent Life which is God.

"Now all this glorious Life includes *health*. How can one for a moment conceive the life that is God as being a sickly life or a weak life? Look at the rock and the mountain. Are they sickly or weak? Do the trees of the forest look as if they knew of suffering? Look everywhere. Is there want? Do the beasts and birds

and fishes and insects go hungry or unclothed? You remember the old song, 'Here every prospect pleases, and only *man* is vile.' The author had an inkling of the omnipresent Good and Life and Truth that is recognized by all but man, who, if he only knew it, is really owner of the worlds, and is clothed upon with immortality. '*Ye are the sons of God,*' said the voice of Truth, 'and if *sons*, then *heirs*.' Do you see, my girls?"

"Oh, Aunt Mary," said Marion, with glistening eyes, "I see; I *do* see! Oh, I am almost too full to breathe, of this wonderful revelation! How good it is to know the truth!"

"'For it shall make you free,' " said Helen.

"Just one question more before you close this lesson, please. What do you mean by the 'gospel law'?"

"I mean the law taught by Jesus Christ. Two codes of law have been given to the people of the (so-called) Christian world,—viz., the law of Moses, or the letter, and the law of Christ, or the gospel. The law of Moses was a law of restrictions whereby the people were led through material conditions. To wake out of these conditions is to find *within us* the kingdom of heaven. There the mind which was in Christ rules, and its rule consists of perfect freedom from all limitations. Instead of an eye for an eye, it is the perfect law of love.

"This is *true* freedom,—where there is no death, or decay, or failure, or sickness, or want, or sorrow, or discord. This is freedom from fear, 'which hath torment'; and to be free from fear is to be *free indeed*. Where all is seen as good, there is nothing to hate; thus love has perfect freedom to spend its sweetness on all people and things. This is the freedom of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER V.

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he.—*Prov. 23 : 7.*

Another twilight, and the three were seated for a fifth lesson in the "science of life."

Helen opened the conversation by asking Mrs. Warren to explain a statement made in the preceding lesson, that "the body is the emanation of mind."

"Mind," said Mrs. Warren, "is universal. In *Bhagavad Gita*, an Eastern bible, we read that it is the operating principle of the Supreme Being. These ancient writings, taken from the Vedas, date five thousand years back, and they are conceded by modern philosophers to be quite as authentic as any scripture. Here God is represented as both individual and universal. God as individual is the still shining glory of the Absolute, and God as universal is the Divine in operation. All things are duality in oneness after this divine pattern, as soul and body. The still glory and all seeing and all knowing of the Infinite is the highest phase of Deity, as the soul is higher or more interior than the body.

"We say God is not 'personal,' by which we mean that he is not manifest in form as we conceive of form or expression. This I believe to be true; yet in a much higher and more universal sense God has form and forms, for all humanity as well as all nature is the embodiment or expression of Divinity.

"Now, as to these forms of God being emanations of

thought, the one mind is the only and the eternal principle of action. The divine intensity called the Absolute performs all things through the medium of mind. There seems to be a human mind, or minds, but they each are the individual appropriation of the one mind. This mind is as a mirror, reflecting that which is brought to bear upon it. If it is still enough to hear the voice of God, it then gives forth the divine reflection, and this has the appearance of life, health, and beauty. If this mind is never quiet, it gives broken and distorted reflections which represent many seemings, but no *real* thing; therefore the conditions of the body are mixed, uncertain, changeable, and unsatisfactory. All you can say of them is that they are totally unreal. Perhaps it may be difficult for you to understand this; but it is a universal truth that human bodies as well as trees and stones are the *aura* of mind, just as we see in the atmosphere the *aura* of sun, moon, and stars. Mind is the reflective power, and speaks its impressions into form, and we see bodies and trees and stones.

“You may ask why we see deformed and unsightly bodies if they emanate from the one mind? You must remember that mind is the operating principle, not the operator. Mind is an instrument through or by which all things are revealed. Mind reveals the thoughts of God, and when this is accomplished all its manifestations are representatives of truth and righteousness. When mind reveals the thoughts of the world or of sense, its productions are upon the plane of change and decay, after the fashion of external things.

“By this you may see that man, in whom the Divine is incarnate, has the power to use this mind as he will.

He can make it show forth in his body and his environments, manifestations of truth and righteousness, or manifestations of change and failure and decay. If he holds that portion of this one mind which is personal to himself, still, quite still, he will hear the voice of God, and that divine impression will manifest in him and his world. If, on the contrary, he listens only to the voice of the world, which is the voice of sense and time and change and failure, and gain and profit and loss, his affairs as well as his body will show the marks of this changing, unsatisfactory state of mind. God is the Life and center of every being and every thing. All things in nature are obedient to the voice of God, except man. God has not yet shown as clearly and gloriously through man, under the present impulse of material ideas, as through nature. The veil of the carnal or world's ideas has been between God—the true God—and the real consciousness of man. It is through this veil humanity has been looking, and thus from an unreal standpoint unsightly things have been presented to view, which tell of the world's ideas, but not of God's ideas.

“You must see that God's ideas are without a flaw; not so unregenerate man's. The true man is the man of God, he who has discovered his birthright and consciously appropriated it. The true selfhood of man is his divine selfhood,—the God within him, aside from which he is a mere myth or phantom. This is known to man only when the veil of carnal ideas is rent from before his sight; and as he then sees God he also sees himself, for God is the essence of humanity.

“A thought mirrored upon the mind cannot be suppressed. Its workings may be silent, but none the less

potent. Its projections take form in silence, but none the less effectually. True thoughts make pure blood and sound, wholesome, beautiful bodies. Man is, in appearance, according to his thought. If he be true to himself he is manifesting divinity; if he be false to himself he is manifesting deformity. I have the faith to believe that in the near future mankind will manifest a very much higher and more noble phase of thought than at the present day.

"As soon as we are open to see God as our supreme center, we shall recognize him in all people and things. It is said by some of the thinkers of today that all people whom we meet are manifestations of our own ideas, which I think is true."

"How can that be, Auntie?"

"I will explain. You have millions of ideas; they comprise your world of thought, which, then, is peopled by your ideas. Some of them are beautiful and good, others deformed and ugly. You may, in your world outside of your thoughts, be associated with one whom you call selfish, who seems to manifest such a spirit to a marked degree. Now, if you examine yourself very closely, you will find a hidden selfishness within your mind which this outwardly selfish woman represents, and very likely your own fault may be much harder to overcome than hers, from its hidden nature. If this outwardly selfish person has uncovered to you your hidden fault, she has been to you a blessing.

"Again, you may see a person with a crooked spine that is pitiful in its deformity, and it may show you, if you will see it, that a much more deplorable crookedness abides hidden in some recess of your mind which needs

straightening, for it is holding you in more direful bondage than any mere external crookedness. You call a person 'a thief'; do they not represent some idea of your own? Let us see.

"Have you not sometimes harshly criticised another, and thus deprived him in some degree of the good will and appreciation of the person to whom you are talking? and is not this a thieving idea? Have you not at some time claimed for yourself a monopoly of something you very much enjoyed, when by so doing you were depriving another of the same pleasure?

"For example: a lady who very much wished for a quiet nook in which to think and write, selected the most beautiful and attractive, as well as retired, spot in a public park. It was an artificial waterfall gushing down over rocks, and making such pleasant music that she seemed to gain both rest and inspiration; and so she often visited it, and within her mind called it her 'nook.'

"On one particular day, when she was engaged in some very profound thinking, she sought her favorite 'nook.' Contentedly occupying her position beneath the shade of widespreading shrubbery, she was having everything just to her taste, when a group of happy, noisy children appeared, and quite surrounded the pretty spot. Her first impulse was one of extreme annoyance; but at once there flashed upon her mind the truth of equal rights and privileges, and she hastily withdrew from her mental attitude of monopoly, and remembered the freedom of all creatures and things.

"You can see that many might not have been open to this truth, and thus in mind they would have been depriving others of their rights; thus they would have enter-

tained a thieving idea; and the person who comes into our environments, failing to respect others' rights, and is called a thief, is a reflection of our own idea held at some time, and perhaps unconsciously. You say again, 'That person ought to be hanged;' thus the 'murderer' is a reflection of your own idea. You have many happy and free and beautiful ideas, and so you see more happy and free and beautiful people than otherwise, since your true, noble ideas predominate. Do you understand me, girls?"

"Oh, yes, we do," they both cried.

"Then, Mrs. Warren, if we keep our thoughts in the right channel, it is easy to see that our bodies will respond, and the people with whom we come in contact will be harmonious," said Helen.

"Yes, the ever-renewing power of correct thought is a sure antidote for all the seeming wrong we see around us. In Edward Stanton's 'Dreams of the Dead' we read, that 'in the eternal thought there can be no discords of sin or disease. Each individual manifestation, through cognizance of its spiritual self, can control the physical atoms of its body by its own will. If the personal mind holds a belief in health, youth, and purity, the outward form will respond. Sin and disease are discords in the orchestra of nature. Health of body, mind, and soul are the true harmonies.

" 'Place no false belief in drugs,' says he. 'Hold the thought of health and moral beauty, and as your mind is, so shall be your body. By a knowledge of the fact that mind can create its own, we may always mold the atoms of bodily force to our wish. The first requisite, however, is to recognize the existence of the spiritual soul, and to know that the personal ego is not the servant of matter,

but that it is master of all the million life cells constituting the earthly body.' "

"What does he mean by the 'personal ego,' Auntie?"

"The personal ego is the Divine incarnate in man,—God in the flesh; the translator of the Hindu scriptures calls it the 'Lord of the body.' It is the divine Being personified in man. While God is universal, omnipresent, he has yet a personal presence and identity in each individual. This is the personal ego. Nor is his presence confined to humanity alone, for every animal, tree, flower, bird, fish, and stone is sentient with the life and intelligence which is God."

"And yet," murmured Helen, "*what* is he, the Almighty God? After all, I do not know him. Can you not help me to know him better, dear friend?" she continued, her eyes humid with wistful longing. "I know him, yet I know him not."

"Dear Helen," answered her teacher, "I can but repeat what I have already told you. How shall we know the eternal God? By finding him within our own being. He is the supreme self of all men and things,—the self of the angel, the tree, the worm. 'It is such a mystery,' we say; how *can* we realize it? The knowledge of all things, the answer to every question, is within every soul, where divine intelligence reigns. *In truth* there is no mystery. This divine principle *is, was, and will be forever*. It is our true selfhood. With perfect oneness of thought we may say, as did Jesus, 'I and my Father are one.' Thus speaking, with thought intent and heart pure and eye single, the veil of externality falls from before our vision and we behold all humanity folded in the one supreme Self, and from us, his true sons and

daughters, proceed the operations of supreme intelligence and love. The pure motive carried within the heart and put into daily manifestation, which is steadfastness to principle in all things, will finally cause the veil to fall from every window of the soul, and when this happens the whole being becomes luminous with the supreme intelligence of whom and what we are; verily, we are *itself*. We are this light, we are this being, and, knowing this, we have found God. Our God has many names, and though we call him by them, one by one, as suits our states of thinking, still we have within our own heart a name unspoken, our own name, our own special possession, which is found within the profoundest depths of our being, and, as the heart's own language, it must forever remain unspoken; but by it we know our God. God has many attributes, and sometimes he is our love, and again our wisdom, and still again our peace and rest. And sometimes he is our life and health, or our strength and defense; and again we call him our providing God. But while our God is to us all these, and more, yet he is far, *far* above all attributes,—as far as the sun is from the snow its warm rays are melting, and infinitely farther. Can thought climb to such lofty heights? Can we see our God beyond all our thoughts of God? Only by entering into the closet, the holy place where his majesty is enthroned, within the infinite, speechless silence of our being, and shutting close the door, that sights and sounds unlike our God may not enter, can we penetrate in the smallest degree the mystery of godliness. Here we stand unveiled before the supreme self of all Being. What shall we call him? By that mysterious name deeply graven upon our hearts; that name by which we

enter the holy of holies, and find whom? Let each heart reply."

An interval of profound silence followed these words; the hearts of her listeners were deeply stirred, and each held communion with her own thoughts.

At length Marion remarked thoughtfully, "I almost feel that I can talk with God after your beautiful explanation, Aunt Mary. I seem to see him with my mind's eye as I never have before; and yet I do not feel like praying or petitioning him as I used to, for I seem to know that all things are mine."

"Still," said Helen, "it seems as if we might repeat the 'Lord's Prayer,' since it was given by Jesus to save, as he said, vain repetitions. Yet I never understood that prayer, either."

"My dear, that prayer has profound significance when read as to its internal sense."

"Please give it to us, Auntie."

"Very well; I will try. 'Our Father' means Origin, First Cause, and Being. 'Heaven' is a condition of perfect harmony, of which God is both center and circumference. Here he reigns within the home-place of the soul—the light of love in the heart of silence. This is the meaning of 'Our Father, who art in heaven'; and here is the hallowed place, the hallowed condition, which is expressed by 'hallowed be thy name'; hallowed be the Essence of life, truth, and love. Having found within our being this holy place, the kingdom of heaven within the soul, 'thy kingdom' has come, 'thy will' is done in all our affairs and environments, even as within the heaven of the soul: thus 'thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth even as in heaven.' 'Give us this day our daily

bread;' our daily living bread of truth we receive in sacred communion with thee within this holy place, the home of the soul; and living much within this sacred home we forgive every seeming wrong even as we are loved by thee,—which is the true significance of 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' means 'hold our thoughts constant to this divine center, that in our dealings "without" we be not impressed by anything unlike this sacred presence "within."' 'For thine is the kingdom, power, and glory forever:' *Always* this home of the soul is the kingdom, and power, and glory; for omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient God, Good, Life, Truth, Substance, Intelligence, Principle,—*these forever* reign. This is *all* and *forever all*. When we have discovered *this* kingdom, each for ourselves, we show forth divine truth, and manifest the Father within. This is forgiveness of sin; there is no sin save a false representation of our supreme self.

"Truth manifests *through us* his holy will;
Temptations are *but shadows* of our good;
Our knowledge of the *power within* to say "Be still,"
Holds us in perfect peace and love."

CHAPTER VI.

And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven.—*Matt. 23 : 9.*

Mrs. Warren's class of two were very desirous of further progress in spiritual science, and ere many days elapsed the three found themselves seated in the gloaming ready and eager for lessons of truth.

Mrs. Warren opened the lesson by saying: "My dear girls, it does my heart good to see your bright, eager faces, already refining under the influence of your close and earnest application to a principle so profound and far-reaching as to be beyond human expression. You have been much upon my mind during the past few days, and I feel that a glorious field of usefulness is opening before you. I know whereof I speak, when I affirm that *true satisfaction* comes only along the lines of the Spirit *consciously* followed; and to be consciously followed is to be *ardently* followed; for a consciousness of the indwelling majesty of the most high God is continual inspiration, and consequently divine activity. It is God *willing* and *doing* through the inspired consciousness of the divine man and woman. I had a dream last night; shall I relate it?"

"Oh, do, do!" cried her listeners.

"I dreamed that I was upon the top of an exceedingly high mountain, and, contrary to the usual mountain top,

there was neither snow nor cold; but this mountain was tropical in its atmosphere and in its vegetation. I cannot express to you how beautiful it was. If you were to go to all lengths of imagination, you could never exceed the marvelous beauty of that mountain top. Its sides were not precipitous, notwithstanding its great height, but descended in gentle undulations to its base, which was vast in extent. The atmosphere was golden, and sparkled like diamond dust, yet was soft to the gaze. At first I seemed alone; and I was so much at home that all things seemed familiar, as if I had always been there.

"Innocent lambs and deer came around me, pressing close to my side, and birds with meek eyes flew about me, twittering a sweet welcome. One snow-white dove had eyes that reminded me of yours, Helen, and a beautiful, stately deer I named Marion, for somewhere about her I detected a resemblance to my child.

"Time seemed to pass, and one day I saw two women at the base of the mountain, climbing; not together, however, though neither did they seem divided; and they were each followed by companies of people,—men, women, and even tiny children. And here I noticed a peculiar feature of their manner of journeying. Each of these bright women—for their garments seemed to emit rays of light, and it was as if an intense ray came forth from their eyes and touched me—was led by a little child, and the little child was one radiant beam of light. At times the little child would seem to flit along before the company, and then its tiny, radiant form would dilate, and it would assume the proportions of a wondrously glorious woman; then it would seem to divide, and I would see two glorious beings, one appearing to

be a man and one a woman; then again they would melt into one, and when this came to pass the light became so bright about them that I could see them or her no longer, but only one vast glistening sheen of light, covering even the multitudes from my sight. Then again I would see the little radiant child leading the on-coming hosts. My pets watched by my side, and my dove flew this way and that, cooing joyfully, and my deer stretched her beautiful neck and seemed scarcely to breathe, so intent was she.

“Up came the multitudes, and each band constantly increased in numbers; neither myself nor my companions tired of watching, though days and weeks and time of long duration seemed to pass, and the ray of intense light—or I might say of intense feeling, for it was rather of feeling or perception than actual sight, which connected each leader with myself—never for a moment became lost or forgotten by me, so vivid and so real was my oneness of thought with them, and so interiorly did I hold communion with them. We never tired of watching, nor were we at all anxious for their nearer approach, so satisfactory did all things seem to us.

“My dove often nestled in my bosom or pressed her soft wings against my cheek; and my deer laid her beautiful head upon my arm, and looked up at me with my Marion’s eyes.

“Well, on came the multitudes, and they were without number; and now I scarcely ever saw the little shining leaders, but the two women seemed to have taken on themselves the radiance and innocence of their angel guides, and I could only whisper to myself, ‘Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the king-

dom of God;' and as I whispered, my dove flew to my bosom, and fluttered and cooed her assent to my words; and my deer's sweet eyes were bright and glad with intelligence.

"As the multitudes came on they glowed with diviner light, and many times a shining radiance encompassed them so that they were absorbed into one great glory; and when this happened, strains of divinest music would fall upon my ear; and as they daily came nearer, I could faintly distinguish the words of a song. Once I heard, faintly, yet so clearly, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, Amen!' and that amen rang and rang in my ears for days. Again I heard, and this time nearer and more distinctly, 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

"Then I remembered the words of a beautiful hymn:

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high;
The Savior has risen and man shall not die.

Softly I sang them, and everything about me seemed to rustle and whisper a response. Beautiful, glorified nature in its divinest mood seemed to drink in and to breathe forth a pæan of glad thanksgiving and praise. The voice of God in all things was enchantingly sweet. 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' was indeed the voice of Love and Truth and Peace and Joy.

"Now a great surprise awaited me, for I saw plainly the faces of the two who were leading, and they were you, Marion, and you, Helen; but the moment I discovered this, the whole multitude was absorbed into one great shining whole, which took the form of a vast radiant, angelic Being. So overpowering was this Pres-

ence that I sank upon the ground and covered my eyes, which could not look upon this great Glory unveiled.

"A burst of music flooded the air, and so great and powerful was it that it seemed like a mighty rushing wind which enfolded me in its embrace; and I rested therein, awed, but content and satisfied. Amid the rushing of this tempestuous harmony I heard, like a tiny silver stream winding in and out, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away.'

"I remained with my eyes closed, folded in peace inexpressible, until all sound ceased and the silence was absolute; then opening them, to my great surprise I found myself in my own bed, with the morning sun streaming through an opening in the shutters. And thus ended my dream, which means to me that you will not only attain to perfect satisfaction along the lines you are choosing to walk, but that you will open the way for many others."

Her pupils were too greatly moved to respond for a few moments. Helen pressed her fingers to her eyes to wipe away the glistening tears of intense feeling, and Marion knelt by Aunt Mary's side and hid her face in the faithful bosom. When they were more composed Mrs. Warren continued: "I wish you to be prepared for this all-blessed work which I see before you, and it will be my supreme happiness to assist you in obtaining a strong and sure hold upon the Truth, which is to save the nations by leading them from darkness into light. And now what shall be the theme of our present lesson?"

They had already chosen, and Marion explained, "We would like to hear what you have to say upon the subject

of 'heredity.' The passage of Scripture which reads that 'the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation,' would seem to have wrought much mischief to mankind. Will you tell us what you think about it, please?"

"I think you are correct in your impressions, Marion, as to the misunderstanding of, and the results of misunderstanding the text to which you allude. It is only misleading from the standpoint of ignorance of the Truth. Permit me to offset your quotation with another, which is the living, vitalizing voice of the Gospel. 'Call no *man* your father. *One* is your Father, even *God*.' You will observe that Jesus Christ entertained a very different conception of the origin or paternity of mankind, from that which prevails at the present day. *He* knew that all flesh is symbolical *only*. As I said before, external manifestations are only the indications of the working of a force invisible. Where they are harmonious they are the projection of true ideas—ideas of the perfect One, the out-picturing of divine Intelligence. Nevertheless, they, however harmonious they seem, are not the *reality*, but simply its 'signs manual,' by which we recognize *its* presence. For example: all divine ideas come forth, or are projected, into visible form, that we may recognize the 'kingdom and power and glory' *here* on this external plane; therefore the birth of a little child is the projection or birth of a divine idea and is the *symbol* of spiritual birth. The man and woman, father and mother (themselves divine ideas, or God clothing himself with humanity), who assist in the projection of this infant idea, are, as to their *mere human nature*, only instrumental in thus clothing a celestial idea with a gar-

ment of flesh. This idea is *God's child*, not the child or offspring of mortality. I said that this process is the symbol of *spiritual* birth; and yet there is no spiritual birth in the sense of *beginning*, or *creation* as the world interprets creation; for as there is no reality in death, so there is no reality in birth. Mankind never had a beginning and will never have an ending.

"We came forth from God and we return to God, and *God* never changes. We have always lived, as God has always lived. To return to God is to stand forth in our naked innocence and wisdom, that *in us* God may be seen and recognized in all his eternal glory, by us and by all. This is to know God, or to return *into the knowledge of God*, which we had before being clothed upon by layer upon layer of the dust of misconception, which each succeeding (so-called) generation has appropriated to itself as *truth*, and *lived in* as truth, but which is only *dust*, easily blown away by the winds of the doctrine of the pure gospel. God is Principle, uncreated, self-existing, without beginning or end, always the same, always God, always *It*, always *to be*,—the only *Is* and *to be*. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, yes!" they answered.

"The (so-called) parents are only instrumental, as I said before, in producing a body of flesh, wherein God repeats himself projectively. If you will think of God as the Egyptian priesthood taught,—viz., a pure, white substance, combining all of Life, Love, and Wisdom, remembering that this substance is formless Principle except as it formulates in *mankind* and *things*, you will see the relation mankind must bear to God, and you will also recognize the fact that inheritance can be ascribed

to no other source than from God unmanifest, to God manifest. The *theory* of physical heredity is simply a fable, a myth, a phantom, which has pursued the generations following each other, and been believed in as a truth, until it has seemed to have the *effect* of a truth. Therefore mankind bears the marks of *this Cain* upon its sorrowful brow; and if it sweat great drops of blood it is because, believing in a *lie*, it reaps the fruit of its ignorance and folly. I have in mind an instance illustrative of this pernicious doctrine of heredity, and also of its quick dispersion upon an intelligent application of the clear white light of immaculate truth. The following facts were related to me by a physician of the mental order:

"A lady came to her with cancer in the breast. My friend said she was nearly frantic with fear; she wrung her hands in the most agonized manner, crying, 'My God! oh, my God! must I die in this horrible manner?' Then she told her story, which was this: Several of her ancestors had died because of cancer; all her own life she had borne this in memory, and had lived in bondage to *fear*, the foe that undermines empires and kingdoms and all phases of earthly existence.

"Doubtless she had set a time in her physical life when she would be most susceptible to this (as she called it) hereditary foe, and she had as faithfully (in her delusion) nourished this thought as if it had been a heavenly messenger, by her continual attention to it.

"According to the measure of her fear so was it unto her; and what the physicians called a cancer made its appearance. When discovered it was as large as a hen's egg. She was terrified beyond expression, and flew to

this doctor and that doctor, who, upon hearing her story, each told her that if it were removed it would surely appear again in some other place, and all she could do was to patiently abide the issue. Some one told her of my friend, and to her she came in the same frantic state of mind. Mrs. S. told her that it was only the result of *fear*, and that it could be dissipated by perfect trust in the all-Good, who is omnipresent. She bade her not examine it for the space of two weeks, not any more than if she had never seen it, and meantime she would deal with the subject by a method of truth and righteousness.

"The patient obeyed to the letter, and at the end of the appointed time she came running to my friend with the most touching demonstrations of joy and gratitude. 'It's gone! it's gone!' she cried, tears of thankfulness flowing down her cheeks. And truly it *was*, and *is*; for all this happened four years ago, and no more has been heard or seen of the cancer.

"Now what did she inherit? she inherited generations of *fear*, even to the third generation.

"What is fear? is it physical or mental? The fear of generations descended to her, and she caught the contagion, and made it her own by her persistent claim upon it, and it nearly proved all she expected of it. 'The sins of the parents,' a heritage of mistaken ideas; a mistaken attitude of the mind is all the sin there is. Thus 'the sins of the parents' are their mistaken ideas, held with all the fervor of tenacious belief; and 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he'; thus a mistake, held as a *truth* through the accumulated strength of generations, is certainly an unfortunate inheritance to descend upon one who believes likewise. But to *know the Truth* dis-

perses it in a moment. All you have to do with a mistake is to prove its invalidity, and it is gone in the twinkling of an eye. I assure you, my children, there is no inheritance for the children of God *but God*; and what is that inheritance but a *perfect* one?"

"My dear Aunt, you have certainly made out a strong case against the popular doctrine of heredity. I wish all the world could hear it."

"All the world *will* hear, my daughter, in due time. Comfort yourself with the firm conviction of omnipresent Goodness and Love. The world is safe in the hands of its God."

"Did I understand you to say that there is no such thing as 'spiritual birth'?" asked Helen.

"I did make that statement, and I am glad you mention it, for it should be fully understood. As I before remarked, mankind is never born, but simply *is*, *was*, and *will be*, for it really is, *in essence*, God. But mankind is more or less oblivious of its Godhood. It appears to be under the dominion of the personal mind, or the appearance of things on the plane of sense, and this forms a veil, hiding from the world the Father's face, or the truth of being. It is the dream life of the senses. All this does not in the least affect its intrinsic Godhood, which shines on just as the sun (its symbol) shines on, regardless of rain or cloud or cyclone. This delusion is the life of the prodigal; but it is not in the nature of delusion to last forever. It has no reality to fall back upon, any more than that myth the cancer had, and the bubble must needs burst; and when that much-to-be-desired condition arrives, the man wakes out of sleep, or the delusion of sense. This is the spiritual birth, and is simply

an awakening or recovery of the consciousness he had with the Father before this lethargy of darkness came upon him.

“It is not birth, but *resurrection*. ‘And many who slept in their graves arose and walked about the city.’ Ah, many, *many* are wrapped in the grave clothes of delusion, and hug their garments around them. It will not do; they must arise and leave in the *tomb* all their garments of delusion. They must arise in the *glorified consciousness* of a perfect knowledge of God, their God, who shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. They must arise and walk the streets of the city, the new Jerusalem, whose length and breadth and height are equal, which has no need of the sun, for the Lord God is the light thereof; and the Lamb? yes, the Lamb, the innocence which mankind thought *could* be slain, but which never even lay in the tomb, which is forever the right hand of power; for ‘except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of Heaven.’

“When did they arise from their graves? When Jesus Christ (divine consciousness), having folded about him all the sins of the world (garments of delusion), suffered them to be nailed securely to the cross of abnegation and buried within the tomb of total annihilation, arose without a vestige of them, glorified and shining,—*Truth forever triumphant*. And this constitutes the spiritual birth of humanity, the laying off of delusion,—inherited mistakes,—a cleansing of the mind from shadows, a stepping forth freely into the sunlight of Truth. *This* is redemption, salvation, eternal life.”

CHAPTER VII.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matt. 11: 28.*

Weeks passed before our three again found opportunity for studying the theme always uppermost in their thoughts. The two younger ladies were like thirsty travelers along the path of human experience.

Having seated themselves at the end of what had proven a trial day to at least one of them, they were making an effort to detach their minds from external objects and pursuits. "Aunt Mary," said Marion, "what does Jesus Christ mean by saying, 'Labor not for the meat that perisheth'? ' It seems to me that Helen and I have been doing little else lately."

"You cannot mean just what you are saying, dear; for you have certainly been diligently seeking an altogether different kind of food."

"Marion, dear, we have no occasion to be discouraged," said gentle Helen, "for I do believe our various experiences are to teach us something helpful."

"Yes, Helen, you are right," returned their teacher; "all our experiences after the true consciousness is awakened are in the line of spiritual unfoldment."

"Auntie, why do you use the word 'unfoldment'? why do you not say 'growth'?"

"The word 'growth' in this connection has no mean-

ing for me, Marion, since all humanity being one, and that one the expression of God, there can be no question of growth. If I were to use the word 'growth' in connection with the omnipotent spirit of God, I should feel that I must stop and explain that God does not grow to the consciousness of humanity, but appears more or less clearly according to individual realization. The remark which called up the subject was, 'All our experiences after our true consciousness is awakened, are along the line of spiritual unfoldment.' I might say that each experience is, as it were, the dropping of a veil between our mistaken idea of God, and the true God as the center of all being. The true God has been deeply veiled from mankind by the various thicknesses of untrue ideas. As one by one these ideas dissolve before the divine rays of truth, we see more clearly God as he is *to* us and *in* us. This might be called 'unfolded realization of eternal truth.' This 'truth' is, was, and will be, eternally the same. It can neither increase nor decrease, and in reality we are *it*. Truth is God in us, eternal, unchangeable goodness and truth; so there can be no question of growth as applied to God within or God without. But we do need that the true God, the supreme Self of all people and things, should be revealed to our understanding. This process is 'unfoldment.' Is that clear, Marion?"

"Perfectly so, thank you."

"And now to labor for the meat that perisheth is to look to material results as the end of all effort. All humanity are seeking, striving, scheming for something to satisfy individual cravings; there is no such thing as rest within the personal mind of man."

"There are many people who seem idle, Auntie."

"Yes, but they work very hard to be idle."

"How so, please?"

"Idle people are in the continual effort to sustain their idleness in defiance of public opinion. The world is too eager in its hurrying, skurrying pursuit after its desires, to admit of here and there an idle or lazy person. Though such people may be tolerated, they are under constant condemnation by the minds around them, and all the comfort they take in the murky atmosphere of such mental environments is earned by a hardihood and defiance which, to my idea, is the most harrowing labor. They are laboring to be idle."

"What of that class of women who spend their lives in a round of pleasure, Aunt Mary?"

"My dear Marion, are not such lives the most laborious and unsatisfactory of all? Their labor consists in a constant effort to eclipse others in matters of dress and entertainment; a rainy day without companions is to them a trial of the most exasperating nature. They have failed to discover the God-given resources of their own true nature, and their dependence upon external pleasures and excitements is positively abject. *Their* labor is the effort to kill time; who can envy such a one?"

"But, Auntie dear, I know of some very good women who seem to have very little to do."

"Yes, my dear, and if you know them intimately, you will have discovered that their minds are employed with ideas of their own, which afford themselves and their friends valuable entertainment. Is it not so, Marion?"

"Yes, indeed; I had not taken that into account. I

know they are very interesting women,—that is, upon their plane of thought. I used to enjoy their society and conversation much; but it was when I enjoyed worldly themes as much as they seem to. And you think, do you not, Aunt Mary, that their labor will fail to bring them satisfaction?"

"I do not mean that they may not be satisfied at times; but their satisfaction cannot be enduring when the objects of their study and interest are of a delusive character and liable to elude their grasp any moment. Nothing is of true satisfaction except unchangeable truth. As to the question of labor, listen to the Christ upon that subject: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"It would almost seem," said Helen, "that Jesus did not advocate labor."

"Certainly not to the extent of weariness," added Marion. "What do you think about it, Auntie?"

"I believe," said Mrs. Warren, "that Jesus taught of only one kind of labor, and *that* a labor of love; namely, preaching the gospel, healing the sick, raising the dead; and this being entirely the work of the Spirit, cannot be called labor, nor be regarded in the light of effort, since to Spirit nothing can be effort."

"Do you mean, Aunt Mary, that we could live entirely by spiritual means?"

"I think that is according to the teachings of Jesus."

"What would all the world do without work, Mrs. Warren?"

"It will never cease laboring while the necessity for labor forms part of its delusion, Helen; and while it be-

believes in labor as its god, that god demands its service, and exacts it even to the uttermost farthing."

"How is labor its god?" asked Helen.

"It is the world's idea of God that he has condemned mankind to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

"Well, dear Mrs. Warren, does not the Bible read so?"

"It truly does, Helen, to those who so understand it."

"Please give us the true interpretation, Auntie."

"You remember the garden of Eden was called a paradise of the Lord. Now who *was* and *is* the Lord? He is the indwelling divinity or divine Ego, who is God, and personal in each human being, or personified in each individual. You remember that I gave you the interpretation of the garden of Eden in a universal sense; and now let us locate it in each individual. The garden of Eden is man in his native innocence, before he left his Father's house. The Lord of that garden is the 'divine man'; the tree of life is his celestial kingdom,—for it bears twelve manner of fruits which are *all* divine possibilities. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the faculty of reasoning through the mechanism of mind. The serpent is the mind, reasoning from externals. Eve is the motive, or that which moves the man to do. These now are our materials for working out the problem before us, which represents the operations of the carnal mind or reasonings upon the corporeal plane of individual mankind in its journey away from its divine inheritance, even until its final awakening or return to its Father's house.

"You will remember that the serpent, the sensual principle, appealed to the motive of the man, which was his love, and persuaded him he could use his newly dis-

covered powers of reasoning quite independently of the childlike obedience of his past experiences. Now the man turns his gaze outward and listens no more to the divine voice within. We never hear or see God until we turn the face of the mind toward him; and he is within. Now when the sense man talks very loudly, the divine man cannot be heard, for he is the still, small voice which says 'Be still, and know that I am God.' When man thus desecrates the temple of his body in which he has lived in nakedness (a state of innocence) with his Lord (the divine Ego), by listening to the serpent principle or mind of the senses, he is in an inverted state and can no longer perceive the kingdom within, where forever reigns his God; and it is said of him that the gates of Eden were closed against him. We read that he was condemned to labor by the sweat of his brow. Now, let us see about this labor question. You must bear in mind that thus far we have been describing the childhood state of man as an individual, wherein he has been in innocence, so that though naked he was not ashamed, and of obedience that required only the leading of celestial love (which is symbolized by the mother), and his departure from this state of innocence and obedience by a process of willful reasoning apart from the divine will. By this process he has cut himself off from his conscious supply. He can act from himself, he thinks, and by doing this he loses sight of his providing God. He has taken upon himself his destiny; things seem to go wrong, and he is inclined to blame God; for when he departed from his native innocence he forgot the loving-kindness of his God, and now by the light of false reasonings he molds out his carnal idea of God, who punishes, afflicts, and

destroys. Of course he cannot trust such a God, and he must needs look out for himself. His idea serves him quite according to his description of it. This, my dears, is the God of the world. He is said to condemn some to great hardships and wearisome afflictions, and to be very gracious to others. He is described as angry and revengeful. He is even accused of creating part of humanity to be eternally lost. Now do you not see that each is served by a god of his own creating? And the rush and craze of the world is the belief that through labor will come satisfaction. Are those possessed of great wealth satisfied? Is there satisfaction along any line of worldliness? And that is why Jesus, the Christ, who knew the world in its twofold nature,—namely, its intrinsic Godhood on the one side and its delusions on the other,—in pitying love said to the children of men, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ *How* will Jesus give rest from labor? how can we come unto him? When he went to the Father, *where* did he go? how did he go, and where is he now? How are we to find him?

“Having overcome the world, he became master of the world and its conditions. ‘All power is given unto me in heaven and earth,’ he said. All mankind have this power as soon as they overcome the world. We each and all came forth from the Father; that is, we are God individualized. This makes each individual, god of his own world. When in this individualized state he overcomes his world, or establishes his dominion as god of his realm, his work is finished and he returns to his original state, having maintained, perfected, and perpetuated the glory he had with the Father before the world was,

or before worldly environments veiled the perfect image of the true God. Thus did Jesus; thus may we. Jesus Christ is now where he was before the world or delusion was. 'Behold, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,' he told his disciples. How could *that* be except he is omnipresent Spirit? As such he is to provide for us; to clothe and feed us; to give us homes, joy, and gladness; to give us rest from labor. We are standing in our own light when we try to do the work of the Spirit for him, for we only hinder by our meddling. We must stand the mortal aside, remain quiet, trusting, knowing no will except the Divine; being lived and moved by him who doeth all things well. When we keep the mind perfectly quiet, Spirit thinks for us, and then our thoughts are inspired.

"'Be still, and know that I am God.' We never can know God until we are still enough to hear him speak. He speaks to the hearts of all who are ready to listen. To come to Jesus and obtain rest is to stand the mortal aside and let the Spirit do our work for us. If we would do this, only perfect harmony would come into our lives."

"What do you mean by 'standing the mortal aside,' Auntie?"

"That was merely a figure of speech, dear. I mean, to make the human will one with the divine, by knowing its powerlessness to accomplish anything by itself; and thus, in a way, it stands aside or subserves the true will, or the divine impulse, which works and wills and moves according to the will of the free Spirit. This is harmony, heaven, divine order. 'The Father worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure.' This is divine activity, which is accomplished without effort. Here the

question of labor in the worldly sense is quite lost sight of. Here is where the divine man acts, and the mortal is obedient. We read, 'Why do ye spend your labor for that which satisfieth not?' and truly the world has need to ask this question of itself this day; for wherever we may look we fail to see satisfaction."

"Dear Aunt Mary, is it possible to be satisfied?"

"Marion, is not God satisfied? We read that after six periods of time, which symbolize states of mind in man, God finished the works that he had made, and rested from his labors. The principle of life, truth, and love, called God, is personified in man; thus the real man is God. It would seem that by certain mental processes the divine man overcame or subjected his world to himself, and having peopled his world, and filled it with satisfaction, he rested, having accomplished *all*, and thus established divine order. Divine order henceforth reigning, satisfaction with all things must ensue. This is the end of the world,—that is, the end of laboring or seeking things that change and decay. 'Behold, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' would mean, 'While you are struggling toward the truth, *I, the Truth*, am with you, though you see only my faintest beams. Thus, as I go with you, you see me more and more clearly, until finally you come to me and know that we are one, and we are *all*.' 'In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' We cannot know of this mystical union until we experience it. When that realization comes, we have found satisfaction."

"Yes, I see," said Marion. "Dear Auntie, it sounds

like a divine poem to my inner perception. I just want to close my eyes and think."

"That is the very wisest thing you can do, my child."



CHAPTER VIII.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.—*Matt. 7 : 20.*

“Aunt Mary, there is a statement in the seventh chapter of Matthew which I would like explained, if you please. The chapter begins with ‘Judge not that ye be not judged’; and then in the sixteenth verse we read, ‘By their fruits shall ye know them.’ There seems to me a contradiction here, for the last would seem to sanction the passing of judgment upon others, while the first forbids it.’

“You left your quotation incomplete, Marion; allow me to prompt you: ‘For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.’ One of the most difficult things for mankind to do is to withhold judgment when things seem wrong. This is an inversion of the *true* judgment, which sees only after its own kind or likeness. The belief in the depravity of the race, which has for ages been taught in the churches, has seemed to accumulate vast strength in its onward course down the centuries, and this belief has colored all people and things. One writer says that it has deprived even the chaste marble of its virtue. The gods and goddesses who originally stood for some noble idea of mankind have been so accused of the sins of the race, that they have disappeared from their places among the people.

A beautiful nude statue has been looked upon as unchaste, because the nakedness of innocence has been veiled by condemnation. The world accuses itself of impure thoughts when it sees impurity. The man or woman who accuses another of being unchaste, believes in such a condition. This conception of unchastity originates within his own mind or within the mind of his ancestors. The innocent child sees nothing but its own purity. The losing sight of innocence is the coming into sight of its opposite. This condition of mind is delusion, for God is omnipresent as both innocence and wisdom. True wisdom is that perfect judgment which sees only the truth of all things. To be omnipresent is to be *all*; then there is nothing but God, Good. All that seems not good is the projection of untrue ideas. The mind holding the idea of impurity, throws it out upon the canvas of human experience and beholds its own idea formulated. If the race mind is full of this idea, is it any wonder that in every shadow lurks the apparition of vice? It is mind coining its currency. 'With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged,' is the reward of entertaining untrue ideas. There needs no condemnation, for the judgment of each individual is passed upon himself by what his eyes behold within his own world; his ideas come forth around him and people his world. All this appearance of evil is the fruiting of wrong thoughts; thus, 'by their fruits shall ye know them.' Do you see how the two texts conform, Marion?"

"Yes, I understand, Auntie; and what a grand vista of possible good it opens to one's gaze! but how is the *world* to be disabused of its error?"

"No one ever seeks truth in vain. Truth is the eman-

cipator, the redeemer. 'The truth shall make you free,' for 'if ye seek ye shall find,' and if ye 'knock it *shall* be opened unto you.' All things are formulations of thought, and 'as a man thinketh in his heart, *so is he.*' This text has a subtle meaning not always discovered by the reader. To think *in the heart* is to *love* the idea. The heart is the seat of motive, and the mind has very little power if it work alone. Its strength is from the motive or will; for when an idea originates within the mind, it is of small account except the heart confirm it by action. All action has its impulse from the heart or will, or as Swedenborg has it, from the affections; for what we love, *that* we do; therefore to think the truth 'in the heart' is to love and assimilate it, to make it one's own. The world has only to know the truth to love and appropriate it; for to love it is to appropriate it. Truth disperses error. The error of the race mind is in its wrong idea of God. It does not believe that God is omnipresent, though it says it does. If it did really believe in the omnipresence of God, it would see only God in all people and things, and that would be truth. It does not believe in the omnipresence of virtue, else it would see virtue in all things, and *that* would be true. It does not believe in the presence of goodness, or it would see goodness in all things, and *that* would be true. It does not believe in omnipresent Wisdom, when God is wisdom and omnipresent. It does not believe in omnipresent Love, when God is love. You see the whole mass of error, and consequent misfortune, is due to a wrong idea of God.

"If a man does not fully realize that God is omnipresent life he believes in death, and thus in decay, and

failure of everything. This belief, held as a truth, will result in failure of the life of the body, and also in failure of friendships, failure along all lines. If a man does not fully realize that God is omnipresent health and harmony, his mistaken notions will show up in failure of health, not only of body but of affairs. His world will be peopled with complainings and repinings, for 'As a man thinketh *in his heart*, so is he.' If a man does not realize that God is omnipresent as strength, he then believes in weakness, and he has weakness in some direction. It may not be of the body; it may be of mind; it may be that he fails in strength of character, or business. His friendships may be very weak and uncertain. His children may be weak in morals. His house is built upon the sand.

"If a man does not believe that God is omnipresent as abundance of all things, he believes he must labor and strive, and live by his own exertions. This causes him great anxiety and fear. He is in most galling bondage to fear of want, fear of loss, fear of being defrauded, fear of extravagance. If he should be sick, what will become of his business? if he should die, what will become of his family? Apprehension is his daily companion. It never leaves him, but sticks closer than a brother; and finally it deprives him of his body, and perhaps his family of support, since labor is their god, and fear their bondage. If a man does not realize that God is omnipresent as *defense*, his bondage is fear of accident, fear of assault, fear of theft, fear of murder, fear of loss of reputation, fear of death. Such a one will see all these things in his world, his environments. The pictures of his ideas will meet him at every turn; so a man's ideas are his world. 'A

man's foes are those of his own household.' All this is, in reality, delusion, but very real to those who are immersed in their delusions. To know the reality, sets them eternally free.

"Now to return to the text: you will see that man judges himself by his judgment of others; for all things as he sees them, are conceptions of his own mind; so the measure he metes to others is meted to him again, by throwing his untrue thoughts back in his teeth. He has simply exposed himself to view, and the world is his mirror. If he is not satisfied with his reflection, he has only himself to blame. Man reaps as he sows, because he believes in the doctrine of an eye for an eye. It is sowing and reaping upon the plane of delusion, and Almighty God, the essence of manhood, shines on unchanged by all these grotesque performances, forever."

"It is very plain to me," said Helen, "that each must work out his own salvation, and we shall do no good by manifestations of sympathy. Each must work himself free somewhere along the lines of his own choosing, and all we can do is to realize this and ignore the sadness of it all."

"You are right, Helen; we can only help them by knowing the truth and denying the reality of evil appearances wherever we meet them."

"Aunt Mary, will you tell us what phase of thought produces drunkenness?"

"It is the same idea of the absence of God in some things. The world believes in an evil power, and that it often overcomes the good. It is just the same as believing that God is subject to fits of anger and revenge; it is mixing truth and error, and might be called a drunken

imagination, staggering to and fro upon the earth. Certainly it produces very staggering or uncertain conditions. The mind that believes in intoxication must believe that evil is a power against which God, or Good, is powerless; for if God in mankind has no power to control externals, then man has no higher intelligence than the animal, for God must manifest in him only as instinct. It is the universal belief in evil as a power which causes the appearance called drunkenness."

"Do you think, then, that a man could drink alcohol and not become intoxicated?"

"I cannot conceive of a state of mind, except it be immersed in delusion, whereby a man could choose to drink alcohol; but I know of practitioners who restore a man to sobriety by a thought; and that thought is a realization of God in *all* things, even alcohol. Where God is, there can be no drunkenness; and God is everywhere, and nothing can prevail against him, even if there were anything, which there is not. If, then, a man should choose to drink (so-called) intoxicants, and he were so firmly convinced that there was no power outside of Almighty God that he never could for a moment entertain an idea to the contrary, he could do what he would, and be protected by his perfect understanding of the omnipresent Good."

"Then you think drunkenness is a belief, or state of the mind, just as is any disease?"

"Certainly; and quite as amenable to healing. Indeed, it is not at all difficult to destroy all desire of this kind. Truth restores all things. The mistaken idea that drunkenness is a terrible reality instead of a phantom of the imagination, has seemingly wrought great mischief to

the world. The good people who have given their time and money and all their thoughts to realizing and chasing a phantom have multiplied these phantoms by millions. Drunkenness in the past was a rare occurrence. About thirty years ago great efforts began to be made against intemperance, since which time it has steadily increased in exact proportion to the anxiety felt concerning it and the firm belief in a power causing the downfall of mankind in some places of God's dominion, thus making God absent from some people. These reformers, who have multiplied year by year until they have become a host,—kind, well-meaning, but mistaken people,—have given every thought of their hearts to *intemperate* people, to realizing an evil power conquering the Most High. Temperance and temperate people have not interested them in the least; *all* their thoughts have been toward reforming drunkards, and they have thus increased them a thousandfold, bringing to pass that which they would have laid down their lives to avoid or prevent. But in truth no man becomes a drunkard, for the real man is the divine man. God in man is not affected by all this, for the external is not the *man*.

“It is just the same with any medical specialist,—as for instance, the oculist. He *believes* in defective sight, and is not interested in sight not defective. He is starting out in life full of enthusiasm upon the subject of *bad* eyesight, and his constant thought upon that subject, his constant expectation of new and interesting cases, his firm belief in a power of evil to destroy the sight, *make* defective eyes by the thousands. This, however, is only in the seeming; for an application of truth will restore sight to all who are ready to receive it.

"We find the surgeon in the same case. He thinks only of broken bones; is not interested in bones that do not break; cares comparatively little for a simple fracture, but delights in compound fractures. He is growing wealthy upon broken bones, and famous also. Quite unconsciously he is calling for broken bones, and they respond to his expectations. These medical men are doing the very best they can, and they seem gentle, kindly people, who would gladly avoid giving pain; and while the world believes as it seems to at the present day, eyes will seem to give out and bones to break. But as surely as God liveth, the march of truth is upon us. Thousands, *millions* of willing ears are bending to catch its faintest approach, and some—nay, many—are already hearing its trumpet tones: '*God reigneth*; let the earth rejoice!'

"The true God is in sight of many, and each moment a clearer perception of the omnipresent Majesty is dawning upon the world; and this awakening is *freedom* for a storm-tossed and fear-bound humanity. When divine order is restored, and the kingdom shall be seen to have come upon earth even as it is in heaven, then *again* 'by their fruits shall ye know them.' Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Not so; but righteousness bringeth forth peace, and abiding trust bringeth forth plenty. Then shall the lion, which is strength and fearlessness, and the lamb, which is innocence and love, lie down together; and man shall not accuse his brother, for humanity shall be seen as one. Thus shall the 'golden age' reappear, and the true, unchangeable Eden be established forever.

"The life of all things has been established from the

foundation of the world; for God is life unfailing, and all things are full of God. The health of all things has been forever perfect, for God in all things is health. The omnipotence of God has always been and always will be the strength and power of all things. There is no weakness in God, no wavering, no giving out. 'Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?' We read much in the Scriptures of the wonderful strength which comes from a knowledge of the divine within us. We are told that 'They who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.'

"In the silence of the mind we hear, 'Fear not, *I am with thee*; be not dismayed, for *I am thy God*; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' In the silence of the closet we hear that which we are to proclaim upon the housetop. Absolute stillness of the mind opens the inner hearing, and God speaks to us from his kingdom within. We read in Isaiah, 'Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the people renew their strength: let them come near; then let them speak: let us come near together to judgment.' There is a wonderful sermon in this text. Isles, or islands, mean those whose minds are open to truth. Water means truth, and as islands are quite surrounded by water and accessible on all sides, so those who are seeking truth are compared to 'isles of the sea.' The command in the text is for such to keep silence before God, that in that mystical silence they may recover full consciousness, and *thus* come near

to God; *then* let them speak, for they shall have learned wisdom from listening to the voice of the Most High, and may safely and boldly speak forth as from God. Isaiah is a wonderful book; it has been named by some the 'gospel of the Old Testament.' If you know the spiritual significance of a few words, remembering that within the letter is the spirit, as within the body is the soul, you will have discovered an entrance into the kingdom of truth, the 'open door which no man can shut.' "

"I wish you would tell us some of those meanings, dear Auntie."

"I might give you a very few, and with those you can gain much understanding; but the letter of God's word is the external of all things; and so we cannot open the eyes of the body without seeing God expressed in some form; and *within* that form is contained a gem worth more than all the material gems of the universe, which are worthless to the seeker after God. Swedenborg, as you know, was led to the study of the Scriptures for thirty years, and from his writings I have drawn many of my conclusions."

"But, Mrs. Warren, could you not have discovered these things for yourself?"

"Verily, I could, Helen, for the God who spoke to the Swedish seer speaks to all; but Swedenborg found the *open door* first, and led me to its entrance; so I am leading you, and so will you lead others. Once there, and we have found God.

"Let us talk of the Scriptures for a few moments, and see if I can give you a few interpretations which will prove helpful in their study. You will notice that Jacob and Israel are so often used together. When this occurs,

Jacob means the natural and Israel the spiritual, or man in process of spiritual reconstruction.

“Zion means the internals of doctrine and Jerusalem the externals, or Spirit and its manifestations. *Vessels* of any description indicate the reception of truth or doctrine: as ‘a cup of water.’ *Candlesticks* signify those susceptible to illumination. *Flocks* mean innocent thoughts, so new and tender as not to be able to stand alone; as ‘Fear not, little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom,’ which means that the Holy Spirit will cherish and nourish the first impulses toward a life according to truth.

“*Sin* means celestial Love, from its intense and universal light and heat, by which all things in nature grow and thrive. *Moon* means the illumination or reflection of Love, which produces and sustains faith. *Stars* signify knowledges or lights all along the way. These are the handmaidens of Love and Wisdom.

“*Serpent*, in its lowest sense, means the most external of the sense plane; in its highest and true sense, it means all things reconciled to infinite Wisdom, or God. It is the healing of the nations, the restoration of all things, the sensual principle redeemed and united to the celestial. *Water* signifies truth or its inversion. *Floods* signify temptations, which are caused by a moment’s recognition of error or an evil power. *Stones* signify truths. *Right hand* signifies power. *Wings* signify more transcendent power.

“*Wine*, *blood*, and *milk* signify truth in degrees, or more or less transcendent. *Bread* means good, or the operation of love. *Oil* and *olive* pertain to love.

“*Wilderness* signifies in some places a state of temp-

tation where it seems necessary to clearly define one's faith in God, in Good,—like Jesus' temptation in the wilderness; again, wilderness means a place accused of being void of goodness and truth, or God's presence. *Woman, bride, wife, virgin, maiden*, signify states of love. *Mother, mother-in-law, sister, sister-in-law, daughter, daughter-in-law*, all have reference to goodness and love or their seeming adulteration. *Man, husband, bridegroom*, signify wisdom, while *father, father-in-law, brother, brother-in-law, son*, and *son-in-law* have relation to degrees of truth, or *their* seeming adulteration.

“Colors have a significance of their own. *White* and *blue* signify different planes of truth; *red* and *purple*, different planes of love. *Yellow* signifies good. *Green* signifies regeneration.

“Numbers have profound significance. *One* signifies perfect. *Two* signifies the celestial marriage of Love and Wisdom. *Three* signifies resurrection, or a condition of light as the result of complete victory (through the final marriage or consummation of the union of Love and Wisdom) over all materiality. This is the end of all *things*, when the beliefs of ages have been cast into the tomb and their grave sealed with the great stone of living, palpitating, victorious truth, and the new man steps forth arrayed in garments of light, with the Christly crown of eternal victory upon his brow. ‘And the third day he shall rise again.’

“*Ten* signifies *all* things of the doctrine; *five*, one part or one kind of the whole. *Six* signifies combats against the seeming powers of delusion, or false reasonings, pulling them down, casting them out: as six days of labor, six days of creation. In some places six has

reference to twelve, of which it is a multiple, and *twelve* means perfected faith. *Seven* means 'holy,' as after the six periods of combat, the *seventh* day is eternal rest and satisfaction. This is what is meant by the 'Sabbath of the Lord.' This is the state named by the Eastern mystics 'Nirvana.' Seven is much used in the Scriptures. You remember Jacob served seven years for Leah, and afterwards he served seven years for Rachel. Jacob has reference to the external man, who by obedience to the law or letter (Leah) rises into the plane of the gospel (Rachel), after which he becomes Israel, the new or divine man.

"*Eight* signifies 'good'; *nine*, conjunction of goodness and truth. *Eleven* signifies a state of partial illumination, made complete by the number *twelve*, which is the fulfillment of all things celestial. There are many more, and much to be learned by the study of numbers; but you can study more fully by yourselves."

"I shall take up the study of the Scriptures with a new interest, having these open sesames in my possession," said Helen. "We can study together, Marion."

"With all my heart, dear; and if we need assistance, here is our beloved teacher right at hand."

"Nothing would please me more, children, than to read the Bible with you; and yet you do not need my assistance. We each possess the same Godlike intelligence, and the loving Spirit is always at our command."

CHAPTER IX.

And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. —*Mark 16:17, 18.*

On the following morning Marion received an urgent summons to N——, a bright little town upon the sea-coast, to attend to a much-neglected matter of business which might detain her for some weeks; and although ordinarily she would have enjoyed a vacation from office duties, and especially a visit to the ocean, of which she was very fond, just now, at this stage of her spiritual studies, she would gladly have remained at home with her much-prized associations.

Aunt Mary prophesied great gain to her in some unexpected way, and at any rate she would have a chance to try her wings and fly a little way alone; so she went, and we will omit all details of her departure, and read, with Mrs. Warren and Helen, her first letter.

N——, *July 10, 189—.*

DEAREST AUNTIE AND HELEN:—I arrived in sight of majestic old ocean last evening at sunset, took a run upon the beach, and slept splendidly in the sweetest of beds. My room looks out upon the water, and my window opens upon a balcony of which I seem to have sole possession, unless a window at the left develops an oc-

cupant. I somehow hope I may be much alone, that I may learn to hear my Father's voice. I heard it this morning at break of day. Like a divine hymn these words dropped into my mind: 'Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel and afterward receive me into glory.' They seem to fold me around like a mantle of peace.

I hear a harsh, hollow cough in the distance, and I am half persuaded that it is located behind that left-hand window. I say to myself, "There is no cough there or anywhere; all is peace." The day begins gloriously; the beautiful, beautiful world,—God manifest! The ocean woos me and I must go; tomorrow morning I will write again. Good-by for a few hours, my dear ones.

MARION.

July 11, 189—.

DEAR AUNTIE AND HELEN:—I had a lovely day yesterday, passed a peaceful night, and now I have something to tell you about that "left-hand window." When I returned from my dip in the surf yesterday morning, feeling as fresh as a rose, I found my balcony occupied by a most forlorn-looking gentleman. He bowed courteously, and I, of course, returned his salutation, after which I quietly seated myself for a season of meditation. Alas for my purpose! my neighbor began to cough, and I recognized the sound of the morning. He was so busily engaged in trying to manage that cough as to be quite unaware of my scrutiny, and so I took a good look at him. He appeared to be a well-built person with a dark, handsome face, or what might have been so but for its haggard, emaciated appearance; great brown eyes and a heavy mustache added to its ghastliness. His hand,

which he pressed to his chest, was what society would have pronounced the hand of a gentleman. I had barely time to note these details, when, having recovered himself, he turned to me with a faint smile of apology and said, "I fear I have disturbed you." I assured him to the contrary, but after that was silent. I could not talk to him about that cough after the old fashion, for I knew I must hold true thoughts for him if I would do him good. Neither of us spoke again, and he soon retired to his room.

I remained to consider the case. Here was a man, perfectly divine as to his real self, picturing very bad conditions. You would say, Auntie, that some error of mind which he had held as a truth, or his parents had held over him, was showing forth in that distressing cough and that emaciated form. I understand that this appearance has nothing whatever to do with the *real* man, but that the personal mind, under the dominion of the senses, claims to be the man, claims to have dominion. I very emphatically denied the claim, and realized for my neighbor the *truth* of his being. There was nothing more to be done, so I dismissed him from my mind, and gave strict attention to business for the rest of the day. In the evening I took another dip, and have slept like a top.

My heart is very glad and joyous this grand, beautiful morning, and although personally I am miles away from home, I cannot feel as once I should have done, that we are separated. How lovely and comforting, to know that we are one Spirit, and *that* Spirit God! Will write again tomorrow. With love and blessings,

MARION.

July 12, 189-.

DEAR AUNTIE AND HELEN:—I salute you this lovely morning. I am merry as a lark, though my neighbor disturbed me somewhat last night. How I wish I could help him! I *do* hold true thoughts for him, but that seems very little. We sat together upon our balcony again yesterday, and talked a little. His name is Clarence Howe; he is an only son, seven others having passed away with consumption. His parents are too aged to be here with him, and a cousin is his attendant, a very kind, devoted young fellow, according to Mr. Howe's opinion. His name is Denton,—Hugh Denton. Mr. Howe confessed that all had been done to better his condition that could be, but in vain; and added quite calmly, that it would soon be over. He only dreaded the suffering which must inevitably ensue before he could be at rest.

I had a pretty hard struggle, Auntie, to hold the truth for him while he was talking in this fashion, but I did what I could. I asked him if he would not like me to read to him, to which he eagerly assented; so I took the first lesson you gave me, which I had written out as nearly as I could remember, and without asking his permission, read it with my whole heart issuing from my lips. I am afraid it did not reach him, for all he said was 'Thank you,' in a very low tone. His cousin came soon after to wheel him to the beach, and I again spent the afternoon attending to business. In the evening I talked silently to him, and I really believe he coughed much less than usual. Now for my bath; and tomorrow I will give you an account of today. Lovingly,

MARION.

July 13, 189-.

GOOD MORNING, DEAR ONES! I have some good news to tell. After my bath yesterday, I came as usual to my balcony, and found Mr. Howe there before me. He seemed glad to see me, and begged me to sit near him. "Miss Lindsey," said he, "may I ask you a few questions concerning the subject of which you were reading yesterday?" Auntie, I was so glad that I found it difficult to control my eagerness, as I felt I must do.

He began: "The lesson you read was altogether a revelation to me, and I am so inclined to consider it worthy of investigation, that my old notions seem in some danger of being knocked quite off their feet. Will you kindly explain more fully the omnipresence of God as it appears to you?"

"I wish my aunt were here, Mr. Howe, to help you out; but I will try to do the will of the Spirit, and I am sure I shall be led to tell you the truth. Will you look wherever your eyes happen to rest, and tell me what you see?"

"Well, Miss Lindsey," he said with a smile, "just now I am looking at you."

I had supposed he would turn his eyes upon some object in the room; but I was not going to be abashed, and so I said, "Well, what am I but one manifestation of God? Now please look at something else."

"I see a chair," he said. "Is God in the chair?"

"Yes," I answered, "God *is* in the chair and in everything you see. Whoever conceived these objects is a manifestation of God, and whoever made them is the same. The Principle of intelligence and skill is God. The air we breathe is God; the food we eat, and the

clothes we wear, and the homes which shelter us, are all products of divine operation, thus full of God. All things are full of God."

"Am I full of God?" he asked.

"Yes, you are, and so am I, and everyone," I answered.

"It does not seem preposterous to say that of yourself," he replied; "but look at me."

Auntie, it really was pitiful, if I had not known that he was only standing in the shadow of his own good. I said, "Mr. Howe, I do not see *you*; the *real you* is invisible."

"Well," said he, with a tinge of bitterness, "it is some small comfort to know that this unsightly thing is not me; but what is it, pray tell me?"

"It is not anything, Mr. Howe."

"Not anything?" he inquired.

"Nothing but the picturing forth of false reasonings," said I; and then I explained to him as you have to me, Auntie. He listened with the most vivid interest, and before I left him, made me promise to read to him again this afternoon.

I feel as if I had begun to preach the gospel, and am full of joy and gratitude. Now I must hasten through my other affairs, that I may gain time to fulfill my promise. Lovingly,

MARION.

We will now visit Marion, and tell her experiences for her. Her second reading to Mr. Howe proved the open sesame she hoped it might, and her listener asked the question she longed to hear:

"You think, then, that disease is caused by the action of mind, and can be healed by its counter-action?"

"I certainly do," said Marion.

A silence followed of profound significance. Marion could with difficulty maintain her poise, so anxious was she for what she felt must come next; and it came. He raised his eyes to meet hers with a look so imploring, that her heart throbbed in sympathy.

"Could I, do you think—" He seemed unable to go on, and shaded his eyes with his hand. Our warm-hearted Marion could not wait, and answered without further questioning, "You could, Mr. Howe, and you can, and you shall." Still shading his eyes, he extended to her the other hand, which she grasped in both hers, exclaiming earnestly, "All things are possible with God."

"Yes," he answered softly; "I will trust him. Who will undertake my case? will you?"

"I would take you right home to my Aunt Mary, if I could leave my business; but as I cannot, I will help you to get well, by the grace of the Spirit; for I am sure Auntie would say this case belonged to me, since it came to me." His dark eyes had a gleam of hope in them that went to her heart, and she inwardly praised the Spirit for bringing her in the way of this opportunity. She did not wait, but went at once to work. With her usual energy she said, "We will lose no time, and I will give you your first treatment as soon as I have explained your part of the work. You must hold to the truth of the omnipresent Good, no matter what *appears* to be. The *truth* of your being is not sickness, but *health*; and this is your statement hour by hour: 'God is my life, my health, my strength.' Will you do this?"

"With all my heart," he said.

"I do not mean that you are to compel yourself to think and speak thus, except when you feel tempted to yield to appearances; then it is your defense. Now I will give you your first treatment;" and closing her eyes she silently realized for him the life, health, and strength of the omnipresent God. When she again looked at him he was sleeping like a child; so she softly went away and left him thus, her heart brimming over with gratitude and joy that she was at last preaching the gospel and healing the sick. Mr. Howe slept one hour, two hours,—and would have slept longer had not his cousin somewhat noisily appeared upon the scene. Hugh was quite alarmed and shocked that Clarence should sleep in the open air and without a cover, and expressed himself to that effect. He said: "I supposed Miss Lindsey was with you, or I should have been here myself; there's no trusting a woman, though she is a mighty fine one, I must admit. Have you had your medicine, old chap?"

Mr. Howe laughed softly. "Yes, Hugh, I have taken my medicine, but not the old kind."

"What then?" demanded Hugh, in great surprise.

"Something Miss Lindsey has been giving me," he answered.

"Miss Lindsey!" exclaimed Hugh; "ahem! might I venture to inquire—?"

"Don't trouble yourself to inquire, my boy; it was very good, I assure you, and I feel better than I have for a year;" and he arose and stood erect. Hugh offered his arm as usual, but his cousin declined, saying: "I'll take a turn or two by myself," which he proceeded to do, Hugh softly whistling his astonishment.

"By George!" said he to himself, "wonder what that medicine was. Say, Clare, you had better sit down, or take my arm," as his cousin came back to him.

"No, I'll try another turn," which he did, and half a dozen more, Hugh anxiously watching with increasing surprise at the turn of affairs.

Finally when he seated himself, Hugh drew up to him, insisting—"What did she give you, Clare?"

Clare did not wish to explain just then, so he laughed and did not answer; and his cousin, seeing that he did not wish to talk, ensconced himself behind a newspaper. Occasionally, however, he peeped an eye out and examined Clarence with great care, thinking very busily to himself the while, "What were those two about, he should just like to know?" The old chap did really look brighter; wasn't coughing as he usually did, and had walked to and fro several times without assistance. He couldn't make it out. Finally his curiosity got the better of him.

"Hang it all, Clare," he blurted out, half in fun and half in vexation, "why don't you tell a fellow? If you don't, I'll pack my grip and just turn my back on you."

"If Mr. Howe doesn't object, I will set your curiosity at rest, Mr. Denton," said a sweet, ringing voice; and Marion, who had heard every word, and whose heart was overflowing with joy at the evident success of her first treatment, walked into their presence. Clarence's eyes beamed with pleasure, and Hugh arose to give her his chair.

"My dear Miss Lindsey," cried he, "I hope you have not been obliged to listen to all my nonsense."

"I have not been an intentional listener, Mr. Denton,"

she responded; "but I did hear your remarks, and it is certainly due your affectionate care of your cousin, to know the change of program; and I would prefer that the explanation devolve upon me rather than upon him;" whereupon she explained at length.

Hugh listened with gentlemanly interest, not appearing profoundly impressed, however, but willing to let things take their course, since it was evident that his cousin was already feeling much better; and he said with feeling, "If your methods restore my cousin to health, Miss Lindsey, you will earn my life-long gratitude, and I will lose no time in placing myself under your instruction."

Marion had to leave them now, promising to repeat the treatment later in the day, which promise it is needless to say she fulfilled. That evening she wrote Aunt Mary and Helen a full account of her venture, and added: "I feel much drawn to these young men, and perceive that they will be to us valued friends and coworkers;" for Marion had no doubts of Mr. Howe's restoration to health and final acceptance of the whole doctrine; and of course Hugh would be with him.

Clarence Howe slept that night like one emancipated from long and wearisome bondage; he seemed folded in an atmosphere of peace. And having placed her patient in the hands of the healing Christ, Marion did not lie awake to listen for that cough with which she had been regaled so many nights; she simply *knew* all was well, and rested in the truth.

At breakfast the next morning, what was the surprise of the household to see Mr. Howe walk quietly in unattended, and take his seat with the rest. (He had pre-

viously had his meals served in his room.) Exclamations and inquiries followed, to which he replied simply, that he was feeling better; but the look of loving gratitude he turned upon Marion nearly upset her composure. After her visit to the ocean she went to him upon the balcony, and listened to his account of his peaceful night and joyous awakening.

"I feel that I am already healed, Miss Lindsey," he said. "I am quite free from pain, and am sure all weakness will soon pass away. Will you have time, do you think, to read another of those wonderful lessons today?"

"Certainly I will; and perhaps Mr. Hugh will like to hear it also."

"Oh, you may count on me! look at Clare; he's nearly made over. Yes, indeed, let me hear more of this marvel; I'm quite dazed at the turn of affairs. I feel quite as if I had lost my occupation."

"Very well; but now, if you don't mind, I am going to turn you out while I give another treatment."

After the treatment, Hugh was called back, and it is needless to say Marion had an attentive audience. Clarence Howe listened with his hand shading his eyes, but Marion felt that every word was to him life and peace. Hugh's intelligent attention showed no effort, and our young teacher threw such sympathetic conviction into her theme, that she seemed the embodiment of it.

It was a happy hour, and a profitable one for them all.

CHAPTER X.

But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant.—*Jere. 1:7, 10.*

July 19, 189—.

DEAREST AUNTIE:—I have been giving such strict attention to my patient, that I have not found time to write you before, and I am sure you will understand and not mind; and now, Aunt Mary, I know you and Helen will offer glad praises to the Holy Spirit, that through me such a wonderful work is being wrought. I have been treating Clarence Howe just one week, and he considers himself healed, while I, of course, *know* he is. This morning he walked a full hour with me upon the beach, never once thinking of fatigue. But for his want of flesh, one would not know that he had been ill at all. His cough has entirely disappeared, and every sign of weakness. Only seven days ago he could not walk the length of the balcony without assistance, and he was under condemnation of the doctors, to remain in the body only until fall,—three or four months at the farthest. You should see him now; he holds himself erect with conscious life and health. His splendid dark eyes flash with exultation or soften with loving gratitude; his voice, a week ago so faint and broken, rings with joy and gladness. It is all a most remarkable exhibition of the

indwelling power of godliness, the divine manhood showing forth.

I cannot find words to express my joy when I remember that it is the fruit of the first workings of the Holy Spirit through me, or through you, my beloved teacher, I might say, for I only speak what I have heard from your lips. Yet it is neither you nor I, but the Father that dwelleth in us; he doeth the works.

As for Hugh, it certainly is amusing. He says little, but looks much. I catch him staring at his cousin as if he were a resuscitated ghost; and though he is more cautious about staring at me, I catch him off his guard very often, and I suspect he thinks me a kind of a witch, for his glances are full of unconscious questioning and wonder. He is just a boy, and nothing more—sweet, frank, and generous.

Yesterday I unintentionally witnessed a most touching scene. Hugh was seated upon the balcony, reading, when Clarence walked up stairs with perfect ease, after a stroll by himself upon the beach. He came along easily, leisurely, and healthfully. Throwing his hat upon a chair, he stood a few feet from his cousin and looked smilingly down upon him. Hugh arose, and for a moment faced him; then throwing his arms impulsively around him, just cried upon his shoulder, like the great-hearted boy he is. "Hang it all! I can't help making a baby of myself, I'm so downright glad and thankful;" saying which he dashed down stairs and out of sight. When I came out a few moments later, Clarence was sitting in his chair shading his eyes with his hand, a trick he has when deeply moved. Removing it as I came out, he extended it to me, and as I placed mine within it

he said, "You heard?" "Yes," I answered, "I heard." "You ought to be a very happy young woman, having brought health and happiness to me, and joy to my dear Hugh who loves me so fondly, as well as the watching and waiting, hoping and fearing parents, who are too aged to look after their only child."

"I am happy," I answered, "that the Spirit has seen in me a channel through which it could work unobstructedly."

We sat and conversed a long time. He told me much of his past, of the dear brothers, passing one by one, until he, only, was left to sustain and comfort the grief-burdened parents, whom he felt must soon have followed him had he justified the expectation of physicians and friends. He expressed the most fervent gratitude for his restoration to health, and for his spiritual awakening; and also spoke of the joyful prospect before him of a life of usefulness to his fellow men. He is a splendid-looking man now that he is manifesting himself more truly, and as far as I am able to judge, has been very true to his divine nature *unconsciously* all his life. Certainly he does not seem like a man of the world, but rather to be quite ready to consciously enter upon the true plane. His cousin Hugh also seems very true-hearted and pure, and his devotion to Clare is something quite unusual. He seems very fond of me for what he thinks I have done for his cousin, and he said to me yesterday, after I had been reading to them and we had talked ourselves into a very happy mood, "I wish you were my grandmother, Miss Lindsey, so that I might kiss you." How Clare laughed! As for me, I answered with much gravity, "Young man, if I were your grand-

mother I should feel privileged to box your ears;" whereupon he professed to be much hurt at my want of appreciation.

I think, Auntie, I may come home next week. Business affairs seem to have been under the administration of the Spirit, as well as matters of health. I shall be very glad to be with you again, and hear from your dear lips those wise sayings of the Holy Spirit. Much love to you and my precious Helen. MARION.

A week later Aunt Mary and Helen were waiting Marion's arrival. They had not suffered themselves to miss her, knowing that in omnipresent Spirit there is neither separation nor absence. There is in Spirit no time, no space. All is here and now. They were speaking of this when the door opened and Marion stood before them. Their greetings were full of joy, and when Marion had removed her wraps and seated herself before them, Helen exclaimed, "Why, Marion dear, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing in the world that I am aware of, Helen. What is it, Auntie?"

"Only just my dear Marion with an added joy in her eyes," answered Aunt Mary.

But Helen insisted, "You were always beautiful, Marion; but there is something added, I am unable to describe."

"It is just the joy and gladness of the 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast entered into the joy of thy Lord;' is it not so, my child?"

"That is it, Aunt Mary, I suppose; I have had a beautiful time, and a most wonderful experience in demon-

strating my principle. It is very satisfactory and life-giving work, and with every breath I praise the Lord."

"You once asked me, Marion, if it were possible to be satisfied; are you not having a glimpse of the soul's satisfaction?"

"I truly am, Auntie; my real life has begun, and the old life is as if it never were; *new* seems written everywhere."

"For behold I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind," quoted Helen.

"Because the kingdom of heaven has come," said Marion. "It was very good, Auntie, that I was sent away from you for a time. I have thus been led to depend upon God within me, who, while he is God of *all*, and over *all*, is my own personal friend, counselor, and strength. I feel the divine strength folding me, and I seem suddenly to have become acquainted with fathomless powers somewhere within the depths of my own being."

"Yes, my daughter, you have found your true self, your Godhood. We read, 'Say no longer I am a child;' and again, 'See, I have set thee over nations and kingdoms.' Nations and kingdoms are our congregations of thoughts to be redeemed. We are to call them together, strip them of delusion, remove from them all condemnation, and send them forth in pairs to preach the gospel of the kingdom; to heal the sick and give sight to the blind. All our thoughts go in pairs; in their true estate one is wisdom and the other is love. They must be thus mated; they are the head and the heart, the intelligence and the will. We have millions of ideas coming and go-

ing continually. Some are prophets, some are apostles, and some are waiting disciples; and we have dominion over them all. Each is God of his or her own realm."

"Mrs. Warren, do you think the Scriptures contain more inspiration than any other medium of spiritual instruction?"

"My dear Helen, we read from these same Scriptures, 'There is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' I believe inspiration is omnipresent, for the Almighty is omnipresent, and thus is the inspiration of all things. The Bible is the most remarkable book of the Christian world; it presents to us the most spiritual thoughts of the most spiritual men all along down the centuries. Being the outcome of spiritual perception, it is alive with spirit; hence it appeals more strongly to mankind than other mediums of instruction, for within every soul it finds a response, since man as to his internals is pure spirit. The internal sense of the Bible is overflowing with divine purpose toward mankind and in mankind; its symbology expresses all things of the Spirit, but the divine *within* man is his individual inspiration; and when we remember how very individual we each are, we see in what variety inspiration must flow to meet all the wants of so many minds; therefore we see that there is no limitation to the free Spirit of inspiration. We have been so accustomed to consider the Bible as the only source of instruction and inspiration, that the mind clings to it as a medium of communication between God and man, when really it is God *in* man who speaks from the pages of the Bible. There is not a question pertaining to eternal truth, that has not its answer within the soul of the questioner; for there God

dwells in infinite majesty. *There* truth reigns supreme.

"I love the Scriptures, for they contain the thought of man in his best estate for centuries; but God is nearer still, and we have only to look within, to him that sitteth upon the throne of the soul, and receive and be satisfied.

"Still, I would counsel most earnest study of the Scriptures, not only of our own land, but of other lands also; they are full of truth. By earnest study of them as to their divine meanings, the mind becomes like a clear pool in which is mirrored everlasting truth. It is like looking into unfathomable depths; always making new and delightful discoveries, with still more to come. Swedenborg says that the angels look upon the Scriptures as a beautiful casket containing most resplendent jewels, each gem emitting myriad rays of light.

"In process of spiritual unfoldment, every illumination of the mind is called *day*, and the state preceding is called *night*. When the soul goes into its closet and shuts close the door, it finds its night of silence whereby inspiration is received. Its illumination is called morning; its state of transcendent realization—its high light—is called noon; its return to meditation, its evening; and night again, its silence. We read, 'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' And you remember that Moses divides his six states of spiritual unfoldment into evening and morning, until the seventh day,—the final rest or absorption of all consciousness into the Father, or the supreme Self.

"Each individual is a divine idea, sent forth bearing in its bosom the flame of eternal life and love. If it were in full consciousness of the glory it had with the Father before it came forth, there would be nothing to accom-

plish; it would have no mission; but its first flight is the infancy of a celestial idea, perfect and beautiful as the tiny seed which contains within its heart the fulfillment of itself. It wends its beatific way from age to age as the world counts time, and gathers ever in its flight fresh glory, new power, as the radiant humming bird (which some one calls an embodied joy) drinks sweetness from every flower. It appropriates more and more of God to its growing consciousness, and when its mission is fulfilled it is all God; thus it goes to the Father, or becomes one with the Father in conscious dominion and power. Thus did Jesus; thus may we. Thus *must* we, even though ages upon ages roll by before we accomplish our circuit."

"And do you think, Aunt Mary, that this divine idea, this perfect identity, knows nothing of the changing conditions through which its external manifestation passes?"

"Nothing whatever, my child. It is the still shining glory of the Absolute, growing 'brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.'"

"This duality of man is a strange, incomprehensible condition, it seems to me," said Helen.

"I am inclined to adopt Swedenborg's view of it," said Aunt Mary. "The external he calls the natural man, as distinguished from man's essential Godhood: this is always pure and innocent when it first formulates to our view, and would remain so just as long as it is not impressed with the ideas of the world. If all the ideas of the world were upon this innocent, natural plane, the golden age would be repeated."

"Would that be a desirable condition at this stage of the world, Auntie?"

"It could not be, Marion, so there can be no supposition concerning it; innocence must return to the world through wisdom. When this is accomplished, the external or natural man will be the child in innocence, meekness, and obedience; and the internal, divine, will be recognized as the indwelling Father—God; and the combined innocence and wisdom in operation will be the *Christ of the world*, the *son of God*.

"You see, innocence has no desire to rule; it rests in the heart of love and basks in the light of wisdom. This is where the external man *must* be, before harmony reigns upon earth even as it does in heaven. This is the at-one-ment or atonement, the divine humanity."

"Is that the true interpretation of atonement, Mrs. Warren?"

"Yes, dear, there can be no other meaning. Did not Jesus constantly teach, 'I and my Father are one'? He was talking of God externalized (perverted by the world's idea of sensuality, but in truth a divinely natural condition) and the divine selfhood or God within, as being united in eternal harmony. Jesus said, '*I and my Father*.' Who is *I*? The divine made manifest or externalized. Who is the *Father*? The *Life*, or God at the center. Who cannot see that these are one and inseparable, the *idea* and its manifestation? How may we truly manifest the Father? By being as was Jesus, *divinely natural*. This is harmony, and harmony is divine order, and divine order is divine intention."

"Do you think the New Testament writers understood the teaching of Jesus, Auntie?"

"Yes, in degrees. I do not read that any were in the full understanding of the spirit of his teachings; and yet

there were some who seemed occasionally to strike very near the fullness of the gospel.

“You remember that until the coming of Jesus, they were bound by the laws of Moses; immersed in the letter, both by reception and by tradition. It would seem that their ideas were wholly upon the external plane, and thus they were blind leaders of the blind. To awaken from this condition is sometimes a slow process. There was one thing, however, greatly in their favor: they were unlettered, and thus not bound by pride of intellect, which wars against the spirit.

“This subtle foe, which is so admirable a servant of Spirit when willing to serve, in its worldly aggrandizement stands like a shadow between the mind and God. The unlettered are more receptive than those who are vain of their education, which is a seeming intelligence derived from other men’s thoughts as presented in books. Many of these may be untrue thoughts, or delusion; by which I mean to say, that they treat of subjects not spiritual, and thus on the plane of delusion. There is only one absolutely reliable source of knowledge, and that is the omnipresent Intelligence—God. The disciples of Jesus were mostly unlettered and of simple, unpretentious lives, and were easily reached by truth; for truth is innocent and loving to such. To the other class it is and *has* to be, a two-edged sword.

“It is very easy to see that John, the beloved disciple, entered deeply into the truth presented by Jesus; for his is by far the most spiritual of the gospels. As he was meek and loving, so was he easily led by the meek and loving Jesus, who, while meek and lowly, used all the authority of God.

“Paul seems to have believed very strongly in a power of evil. We read that he was constantly meeting with adverse experiences. This was because he, being a man of strong convictions and great zeal, believed with all the intensity of his mind in an evil power. Each of the apostles represents an idea of the personal mind. You can sit down, and having read of them and their sayings and doings carefully, you will be able to place them among your category of ideas.

“If you can do this they shall become to you apostles indeed, and preach to you the gospel in all its fullness and majesty. You remember the significance of the number twelve, do you not? It is the fulfillment of all things: as the measure of the Holy City, the new Jerusalem. The length and the breadth and the height were equal. So your twelve leading ideas dominating your whole life, if rightly placed, will bring to you all the gospel. But there is yet something to come. It is, that by the fulfillment of the gospel we rise above even this, even the gospel, just as by obedience to the law, or letter, we rise above the law into the gospel. To rise above the gospel, the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, is a fourth dimension; a stepping forth into Infinity, where we see the world as nothing, and God as all; using the world, knowing its character, its nothingness, with eye fixed upon the Eternal; poised between the substance and the shadow, understanding both; seeing neither good nor evil, virtue nor vice, life nor death; only the Absolute, who, while possessing all attributes, is yet greater than any—than all—God beyond all idea of God.”

CHAPTER XI.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.—*Isaiah 52:7.*

The heat of summer had given place to gorgeous autumn, and our friends were both busy and happy. Office duties were no longer labor, but a delight, so smoothly did the Holy Spirit manage their affairs for them. Meantime Aunt Mary had two more resident pupils; that is, they formed part of her family. After Marion left them, Clarence and Hugh went at once to Clarence's home, that the aged parents might rejoice over their son who was restored to them whole. So notable a cure could not remain in obscurity, and the many friends of Clarence besieged him with questions, which he answered promptly and truthfully. He had only to show himself to confirm all his statements, and he soon discovered that he had opportunities to do much good among his townspeople. Each day some invalid, who knew Clare and believed in him, came begging to know how such a miracle was brought about, and to seek encouragement for himself; so he told them all that he would go away and learn more of this wonderful healing power, and then he would return and teach them how they might discover the same power within themselves. So he had written to Aunt Mary for himself and Hugh, and they had been gladly received, not as pupils only, but as members of the household during their instruc-

tion. And other truth seekers had joined them,—old neighbors and friends who were rejoiced to find firm ground upon which to plant their feet. Among them came several (so-called) skeptics, who had wearied of human creeds administered by church and state, having indeed the odor of sanctity, but conducive of much inconsistency as to life. They were ready to confess that they had not been satisfied to live apart from an idea of God, but declared that the idea of God held and maintained by a system known as Christianity, was wholly inconsistent even from the standpoint of humanity; and they refused the God dressed in such guise. The class lessons were exceedingly profitable and interesting, having been carefully arranged and graded, so that they might prove practically useful to each student in his or her future work.

Aunt Mary was very happy and full of inspiration. Meanwhile Clarence and Hugh had greatly endeared themselves to the good teacher by their hearty appreciation of, and coöperation with, her plans and efforts in their behalf. To Marion and Helen they seemed like brothers, as indeed they were in the truest sense. Clarence made himself familiar with office details, and often relieved Marion for a day; while Hugh took upon himself to be man of all work, boldly proclaiming himself "printer's devil"; declaring that as "his traditional majesty" had become obsolete, he would, in his feeble way, try to perpetuate the title. He was great fun for them all, and Aunt Mary's devoted follower. The lessons were drawing to a close, and in a few days the little band would separate, each to go his or her way, carrying with them the quickened consciousness of the life, health,

strength, providence, and defense of the Holy Spirit of love and wisdom. Each and all felt their armor to be strong and true. Marion and Clarence spent many hours together, ever speaking upon the one subject which was to them eternal life. Clarence's companionship seemed to fill a place hitherto unoccupied as well as undiscovered in Marion's experience; while to Clarence, an hour with Marion was great satisfaction. We have now to record a conversation between them as they strolled among the falling shower of autumn leaves.

"Miss Marion," said Clarence, "could I have awakened out of my conditions of one year ago today, to have suddenly found myself *here* and *now*, I should have thought myself well out of the body and in heaven. I then considered myself a wreck, without, I might almost say, God or hope. I believed in God; but when I remember how vague and unsatisfactory my ideas were, I do not seem to have had a firm hold upon anything. I believed that death had me in its relentless grasp. I did not fear to die, but of what came after I dared not think. Yet living as I then lived, gave me no satisfaction. What do I not owe you, my friend?"

"Not unto me be the glory; not unto me, but unto the Holy Spirit," answered Marion.

"Yes, I understand; but are not you and the Spirit one?"

"Certainly; and if you are thinking thus of me, I have no corrections to make, for that is truth; you and I, and *all* are one and the same Spirit of truth."

"Yet you think, do you not, that some are necessarily nearer, and thus dearer to us than others?"

"How, necessarily, Mr. Howe?"

"Is it not right and natural for us to love those who are bound to us by natural ties, better than we love other people?"

"My friend, are natural ties any more than one form of delusion? Did not Jesus enjoin—'Call no man your father after the flesh; one is your Father, *even God*'? In these words Jesus taught us that natural ties are not unchangeable reality, but only form one part of the world's delusion. There is only one relationship, in truth, which is the fatherhood of God and thus the brotherhood of man. From divine Principle—God—all mankind came forth,—that is, manifested. The coming forth, however, is only a figure of speech, for there can be no separation from God or of God; but being omnipresent, all things manifest from him as the center. Divine Principle is omnipresent Love, and thus a universal love is all the love there is that cannot suffer in the loving."

"What do you mean by 'suffer in the loving'?"

"Mr. Howe, has not your mother suffered through the separation from her sons, more than had they been the sons of some other mother?"

"Certainly," replied Clarence; "how could it be otherwise?"

"Would she not have been saved all this suffering otherwise?"

"Undoubtedly she would; but do you consider it possible for a mother to so control her affections, as to feel for her children only a universal love?"

"I believe so; that is, just as soon as she becomes aware that they are not her children, but God's children; that she was only instrumental in building a body after the pattern of her thoughts. That body is by no means

the child, but only a garment or house for his temporary habitation. Suppose you build the most beautiful home of which you can possibly conceive; is it any more to you than a beautiful casket? That casket may be yours, but is the soul inhabiting it yours also? No; only one soul is yours, and that is your own. If you are deluded into believing that other soul is yours, or belongs to you, you must sooner or later experience a parting which will hurt you in proportion to your fancied claims upon it; and if that soul is so deluded as to believe it belongs to you, or you to it, it must be torn asunder from your clutch upon its individuality; for it has its own place and work in some part of God, as you have yours. *That* is individuality. A wise mother who understands this truth will see to it that the divine wisdom with which she is endowed, be her guide in this, as in all things."

"Miss Marion, do you believe all love to be universal in its true interpretation?"

"I do, Mr. Howe, I do," answered Marion earnestly. "You remember what Jesus said of marriage,—that we are to love as the angels in heaven,—which to me means the love of which we have been speaking. How can we love one more than another and be true to God? Does God love one more than another? Is God a respecter of persons? Neither should we be. Suppose two children came to me. Say, if you please, that one of these children was my own according to the flesh, and one my neighbor's. If the souls of those two children were laid bare I should not be able to distinguish one from the other, for there would be no difference. Both are the God substance; both are substantial goodness; both are divine. Yet I may be said to prefer the child whose

dress or clothing I have evolved from ideas of my own. The other child is clothed according to another woman's ideas. Is there any good reason why I should love one child more than another?"

"Your philosophy is reasonable, I see. But, Miss Marion, how is such a state of impartiality to be brought about?"

"No effort will be required, Mr. Howe; truth harmonizes all things. Each truth seeker will discover this bondage to earth-made ties very soon, and will have the wisdom to set himself free, and thereby discover the meaning of the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Attachments are not divine, but exceedingly human. There is no attachment on earth that does not have to be dissolved. The detaching process is severe, and can be avoided only by loving all after the God fashion, and no one after the earth fashion."

"And as to marriage, what is your opinion?"

"I do not feel competent to discuss that subject; but since you have put the question, I must reply that all problems are solved by the same truth. If marriage is based upon spiritual love, and is a spiritual covenant, then it is divine; any other is of the earth, earthy. Is not that sound reasoning, Mr. Howe?"

"Indeed it is, Miss Marion."

"Of course," continued Marion, "all worldly processes will obtain as long as mankind is immersed in worldly desires; but the time is hastening when truth must become visible to all."

As the family were gathered around the cheerful fireplace that evening, Clarence asked Aunt Mary for her ideas upon the subject of marriage. Said he, "The insti-

tution of marriage seems to me to be conducted, as a rule, upon principles of a purely worldly character; at least it is open to that suspicion; and yet there must be many happy and desirable marriages."

"I believe you are right in both conclusions, Mr. Howe. You remember the opinion expressed by Jesus upon this subject; and Swedenborg gives the same interpretation. He gives a very full and satisfactory account of marriage in what he calls the 'other life,' and pronounces it a divine institution in its inception. He says that the true spiritual marriage is a type of the union of Love and Wisdom in the Lord; also a type of the union of Christ with the church universal. By such a church is meant all who come into full consciousness of their divine inheritance, which is union with Christ, the Principle of truth and righteousness.

"In the individual sense, woman is the type of love and man of wisdom, though each has both love and wisdom from his or her essential Godhood. You can see how divinely spiritual and pure a marriage must be to be after this pattern. Swedenborg also says, that the offspring of such a marriage is goodness, which is from love, and truth, which is from wisdom. The operation of divine love and wisdom constitutes the celestial marriage. Anything less than such a marriage would fail to satisfy the follower of Jesus Christ.

"The true lover of God sets his standard upon the highest mountain of truth. Like Jesus, he says, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' to every unrighteous thought. His motive is his strength. His desires are after more and more of God, for in God he finds *all*. I think the greatest incentive of mankind for marriage is, that men

and women have not yet discovered the wondrous resources within themselves, and feel that they must have intimate companionships. This is the result of a consciousness of externals only, which leaves man in total ignorance of the truth of himself, and inclines him to seek friendships and companionships as necessary to his life. This is not love. It is a clutching after something deemed absent from his own world, when right within himself, or herself, is a kingdom full of satisfaction.

“This reaching and longing for companionship is a disease, the cure of which may be found within the maxims—I am sufficient unto myself; God is the center of my being; My perfect knowledge of God the Father is the Christ within me; The moving of the Holy Spirit within and around me is the motherhood of God, thus I am possessed of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit within my own being,—Love, Wisdom, and their operation; The whole universe does not contain more than this, therefore I have *all*, and what more shall I ask when I have all? This wisdom is the panacea for all ills. To be full of God is to be companioned by Divinity. If thus companioned, and you marry a wife who is also rich in all divine things, your joy will be full, and it may be just as full if you do not marry. It is as you choose. In my own opinion it is necessary to be perfectly free, in order to become all things. Freedom for all is an absolute right and necessity. If both man and wife agree to this, knowing what it involves, the marriage is good; otherwise it is bondage, and is an institution of the world and thus not divine. The children of God are free-born citizens of harmony, of heaven. Heaven must come upon earth; then earth will be free from its limitations, and it

shall be the new heavens and the new earth, which is to endure forever."

"Such a marriage as you describe, Mrs. Warren," said Hugh, "can only be found in heaven."

"It does not follow, my dear Hugh, that because appearances are against my theory, it is nowhere put in practice. I know many such, and if with my small opportunities for observation I know many, there must be many, many I do not know of. But I think we have sufficiently discussed this subject. Each in this matter, as in all other matters, must judge for himself. We have learned enough from the Spirit of truth to guide us in all things."

"I wish the world were to receive *one* truth, though it closed its ears to all others," remarked Helen; "and that is, that there is no punishment inflicted upon any, however badly they may seem to perform; that each may come out into the sunlight of the conscious presence of God, at will. The idea of eternal punishment inflicted according to God's wrath, is terrible bondage to those who believe it, and a most deplorable misapprehension of the true and loving Father."

"Swedenborg," said Aunt Mary, "tells of a hell where he saw nothing but blackened stumps. Knowing that arcana (truth) was to be disclosed, he immediately broke open one of the stumps and found at its *center* a pure white pearl; and by this he understood that each stump contained a similar pearl. Each pearl represented to him the one immaculate Life, from around which had been consumed all delusion of sense. The meaning of pearl is perfection. The word is its own description. It includes all, and stands alone in its white purity; and all

who see it know its meaning. It does not have to declare itself; it only *is*. It is the *real me*; then *I* at the *center* am *it*. And what am *I* at the center? 'I and my Father are one.' It is the Good manifesting through my personality; but *good* is only a quality which I show forth by the action of the Christ within me, who interprets the Father, the celestial center of all being; seen in all things, yet forever invisible; heard in all things, yet beyond all comprehension; felt in all, yet beyond reach of the highest idea; known and loved of all, yet beyond sight of the most fervent devotion; never moving, yet operating all things. What shall be the name of this ineffable Being? Who shall describe him? Even the angels know not his name. He has spoken by the mouth of his prophet, 'Hearken unto me, O Jacob and Israel my called; *I am he*. *I am the first*; *I also am the last*. Mine hand hath laid the foundations of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens.' Now he speaks again; listen: 'Behold, I have graven *thee* upon the palm of my hands;' again, 'Therefore my people shall know my name; therefore they shall know in *that day* that I am he that doth speak. Behold, it is *I*.' *That day is now*. The veil of the temple is rent in twain, and Omnipotence declared before the face of the world. How? By the advent of Jesus Christ in great power and glory. How has Jesus Christ come? Has he been hiding from the people for nearly nineteen hundred years? No, the Principle of truth and righteousness has never for a single moment been absent, only veiled. How veiled? By shadows of mortal belief.

"This divine Essence of whom we have been speaking, the still glory of omnipotent Being, Jesus Christ

named 'the Father,' meaning the Celestial Origin or First Cause of all things, whom he, Jesus, came into the world of sense to make known unto the world. He is said to have taught plainly of 'the Father.' He said of the Father, that he was the center of all being; that he dwelt in all mankind alike as their Life. He described him as perfect, pure, and holy. His own manner of living was after this pattern, and proclaimed that as the Father had taught him, so he manifested. Now Jesus Christ can only make himself manifest where his divine Essence, or the Father, is understood; and so the light of his presence has been obscured from the world for centuries, because they could not see him in the light of mortal sense. He said to the Jews, 'If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also;' and the thought of the centuries has failed to comprehend even the most external form of the Principle of righteousness, and utterly failed in gaining a true estimate of the Father or Most Celestial. Well, now, this blessed Principle of righteousness, the Jesus Christ of the Jews and the Lord Jehovah from eternity, is walking the streets of our mental city, and preaching the gospel of peace; healing the sick of mortal beliefs, raising the sluggish perceptions into vivid, glowing life, and showing us the face of the Father who is our indwelling divine, beyond doubt of comprehension. He claims for us, his true disciples, all that he claims for himself. Now, we are to know of the Father by turning our gaze inward to the still center of our being. What is *it*? We know that its manifestations are virtue and goodness; but is not *it* greater than its manifestations? What does this still Glory, that sees only itself in all, know of virtue and goodness or their

opposites? While its radiance is the beneficent life of all things, *itself* is greater than its life-giving power; and while the same wondrous Glory emits love, it is greater than the glory of its love. This ineffable Light is the intelligence of all things; yet *itself* is greater than its light, its truth, its intelligence.

“The Psalmist prays, ‘O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me.’ And how does this omnipotent Center of life, truth, and love send out his light and his truth? Through the divine action of the Principle of righteousness, the Jesus Christ of man; the divine love and wisdom in operation. I know that the Father of Jesus Christ is the Father of me, also. Now I also know that I can say with Jesus Christ, ‘My Father is greater than I.’

“So always is the Father greater than the son, in that what the Father inspires the son performs. Thus my willing obedience, which is the son, performs with meekness that which manifests the glory of the Father, who is my inspiration. The Father is the pure doctrine, the son its open demonstration. Hence we see, that while all virtue and goodness are from the Father, and inseparable from the idea of infinite Perfection, divine Omnipotence,—who while possessing all power and glory yet knows nothing of power or glory, or their imaginary opposites, seeing only his unnamable Essence in all people and things,—is now, has ever been, always will be, himself only,—the name written upon every heart, yet which no tongue can speak.”

CHAPTER XII.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.—*Rev. 21: 4.*

Dear reader, will you come with me to the city of M——, situated in a thriving northern state? It is a clean, beautiful city, and presents an appearance of both peace and prosperity. A mighty river divides this beautiful city, but there is no division of good will. Loving-kindness has bridged it in one place, large-hearted tolerance in another, and equal rights and privileges farther on. Let us take this electric car and ride through the city. What a comfortable car, and how kindly the people look at us, as if they were welcoming us among them! What handsome women and grand-looking men! Why, my friend, it is good to be here. Do you notice how wide and clean are the streets? how artistic the dwellings? how roomy and clean-shaven the lawns? See, as we go toward the suburbs, how cozy are the rural homes! not a sign of poverty anywhere. People are not hurrying either, but seem to take peace for granted. All seem well dressed. What a good place this must be to live in! I am in search of a home which will, I think, interest you much, though I have yet to see it the first time.

There it is; I have heard it described. Look at it from this distance. It is built of granite, lofty and broad,

with picturesque turrets and towers. Here we are; let us go up this broad driveway. What magnificent grounds and stately trees! See that quiet lake gleaming in the sunlight. Hark! I hear the splashing of a waterfall or fountain. There it is, a perfect gem of a cascade tumbling over rocks. And look! there are deer; aren't they lovely? and just the right setting for them too; they look as if this were quite their own domain. There is an exquisite statue, and there another. And see the doves. Oh, but this is a rarely beautiful home! Well, here we are before a lofty archway. What is that written over the entrance? "Truth's Portal." What an unusual inscription! well, we shall see what is within "Truth's Portal." Shall we find here that which the world has so long vainly sought? Let us enter. We stand for a moment within an arched vestibule. Through stained windows the light falls softly upon a sculptured angel seeming to hover just above an open door through which people are constantly passing. There must be some kind of service in contemplation. We will follow the throng. What a beautiful, unusual room! It is evidently the chapel or audience room of the institution. There is no altar, only a reading desk; but such a desk these eyes never rested upon before.

Upon a slightly raised platform stands the marble figure of a little child; his arms, which are raised above his head, support a pale green onyx slab; a snow-white dove has perched with extended wings just above the child's head, whose happy, laughing face is raised in surprised delight, as if to welcome its lovely visitor. The dainty figure is poised upon a solid cube of marble. It fascinates me; I stand and gaze at it long. I say to

myself, There is a lesson here for the multitudes. The child is "Innocence," upholding the word of truth, for upon the pale green slab rests an open Bible; and I think of two passages of Scripture, and this is one of them: "And a little child shall lead them." The other is, "Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The block upon which he stands signifies the foundations of the Holy City,—the New Jerusalem, whose length, and breadth, and height are equal. The white dove is that peace which is the crown of perfect innocence. I feel as if a divine revelation had been granted me. I raise my eyes, and lo! another wonder meets my gaze.

Upon the wall behind the desk is sculptured in bas-relief, larger than life, the five wise virgins with their lamps, advancing to meet the bridegroom. Ah! how shall I describe that wondrous figure of advancing Truth? A form godlike in proportions, grace, and beauty; a face strong, masterful, pure, and holy; a smile of such profound peace as seems to still the uproar of the world; one hand is upraised in blessing, the other extended in greeting. And those virgins, those divine maidens (meaning to me, redeemed humanity), those lovely, eager faces, expressive of the most exquisite joy; innocent, yet wise,—wise through believing in no evil, wise through innocence,—pressing forward to greet advancing Truth! I was so entranced that I forgot myself and all around me, until I felt a hand press my arm, and looking, saw that the room was full, and all were seated. Many smiling eyes were turned upon me in loving sympathy as I was led to a seat. The deep tones of

an organ broke softly upon the silence—softly as a wind harp; and then I saw built into the wall at the right a grand organ. A lady was playing whose face I could not see. Now I noticed that each head was bowed, and I understood that this divine harmony was a form of prayer; so I closed my eyes, and my thought was silent. I could have said this was heaven, so softly did the breath of peace encompass me. The harmony breathed itself away, and for a moment intense silence prevailed; then a clock chimed slowly, softly, the hour of twelve.

I had opened my eyes at the first stroke, and they rested upon the platform with its wonderful adornings. At the last stroke of the clock a broad shaft of golden light fell full upon the figure of advancing Truth, traversing its radiant way over the five maidens and the child "Innocence," with its dove of peace. I was amazed, entranced; but a greater surprise was yet in store for me, even though I had come to see it. A tall, graceful woman clad in shining white, with a crown of bright brown hair every thread of which gleamed like living sunshine, in whose large, earnest eyes heavenly peace was beaming, stepped softly into the golden light behind the child "Innocence." I could have shouted, and half rose from my seat; but she smiled upon me, and her smile hushed my excitement. It was Marion—our Marion—beautiful Marion Lindsey!

Quietly she spoke, and her voice was like the soft, sweet ring of a silver bell. "'The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.'" With bowed head she stood, a queenly, radiant woman, and with the people listened to the Voice which says to the waiting soul, "Peace; be still." A few moments of this

silence, and the organ sang another song of peace. There were no voices raised; every heart was still in the silence of that most exquisite rendering. I never heard anything like it, and my soul thrilled as never before. Just before it ceased, the people sang in one grand, sweet utterance, "Glory be to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to men."

As the music slowly died away and the sweet musician left her seat, another joy greeted me, for she was Helen Noble. Surprises had followed each other so swiftly that I had not found time to think of her; and here she was, the same dear Helen. Both our dear girls have changed, but only to grow more lovely. Years have passed since we saw them last, but they—those years—are nothing; time is not, and eternity is *now, forever now*.

I now bethought me of Aunt Mary; and what was my surprise to find her by my side. She had not at first recognized me, but as I turned and looked her full in the face she knew me, and put her hand in mine, and smiled upon me the old, yet ever fresh, serene, loving smile. Well, Aunt Mary has proved her propositions, as is plainly evident. She is fair and gracious and young. She has demonstrated that youth is immortal.

But now Marion, dear Marion, speaks. Her theme is the one eternal theme,—the kingdom of truth established forever. It is evident to me as I scan the upturned faces of the listening multitude, that many have learned the way, the truth, the life; but many more I see, who have come seeking. All listen with charmed attention. Many of the seekers after truth bear upon their faces lines of sorrow and care; world-weariness is written upon every

line. Thank God they have at last discovered the well of living water! They shall drink and be satisfied. I listen with delight to Marion, and I say to myself, "Aunt Mary's dream is fulfilled;" for as I afterwards learn, Helen and Marion often change places, and whether at the organ or upon the platform, they each are preaching the living gospel. Somehow my thoughts had gone no further than these three sweet women, and now there came to me another surprise, for I heard Marion say at the close of her address, "Mr. Howe will now speak to you;" and Clarence Howe took her place, while she came and seated herself at my other side.

It is easy to see that Clarence has fulfilled our expectations,—yours and mine, dear reader,—for I am sure that you have felt as I did, that he was to be a shining light in the service of truth. He is a powerful as well as a winsome speaker, and while Marion dispenses the doctrine with loving zeal, Helen like the gentle dove she is, and Aunt Mary with grave, convincing dignity, Clarence *hurls* it at his hearers with such masterful logic that every breath is hushed to listen. Clarence, they tell me, is not with them except occasionally, as himself and Hugh have another branch of the work elsewhere. These two work always together.

Clarence has now finished his address to the people; the organ, played by Helen, pours forth the theme divine, which is accompanied by the holy silence; as before, the people finally join in an anthem of praise; a silent benediction, and then they go away, leaving me opportunity to greet my dear ones, and to make the many inquiries I am longing to have satisfied. Hugh comes and throws

an arm over my shoulder, giving me a hug which reminds me of the boy I used to love.

I must tell you, my readers, that I have known these dear people very intimately, else I never could have told you so much about them. I have left myself out of the story, because I had something else to talk about. And now, having given an account of myself, I return with you to examine this beautiful audience room.

I notice various exquisite silken screens on either side of the room, shutting off mysterious niches. I peep behind one of them and I see a luxurious couch, which Aunt Mary explains the use of. She says the doors are never closed by day or night, and people who know the value of peaceful silence come and go as they please; and these curtained niches are for their exclusive use, that they may be quite alone with their thoughts. She says she never finds the room quite empty, and more often than otherwise, every niche is occupied. They have long been dedicated to this purpose, and are permeated with the atmosphere of peace. Helen spends hours each day at the organ, for she is sure some one will always be present who may be soothed and comforted by the music. I ask Aunt Mary about the figures upon the platform, and she informs me that all was designed and wrought by Marion.

As I exclaim in surprise, she says: "My friend, why are you so surprised? Is it amazing that the Holy Spirit gives skill to her children? Marion has wrought these wonderful ideas into form at intervals, when in certain moods, if we may so express it. You have heard that poets write only when the flow of thought presses them for utterance. Those we call moments of inspiration.

This work of Marion's has covered a period of years, and has been executed during intervals of inspiration. She tells me that from the time of her first reception of truth, this home with all its details has been growing within her mind. You surely know the power of the Spirit to work through the instrumentality of ideas!

"We at once established ourselves here in the work, and though we seemed to have little means, we knew that in reality we had riches untold. At first we were opposed by the churches,—*violently* opposed, because they did not understand that we were teaching the very doctrine their hearts were yearning for. But we paid no heed to opposition, and healed their sick, and preached the gospel of Jesus always and everywhere. You see there were three of us (Clarence and Hugh being elsewhere), and we strengthened and encouraged each other, and our faith in the power of the Spirit never wavered. Our numbers steadily increased, and it did not seem long before opposition ceased; and then means increased also, sometimes to an astonishing extent.

"We were years completing this home, working as our means allowed. You saw our congregation today; every seat was occupied; and each day we have this service, and each day the seats are full. We can accommodate five hundred, and can enlarge our seating capacity as much more. We are welcomed by all the churches whenever we go among them, which we often do; at least I do, for they are beginning to preach the truth among themselves, and to heal the sick also. Did you notice the healthful, happy appearance of the city as you came through it?"

"I did, indeed."

"Well," she continued, "since it is the work of the Spirit, I think I may claim for the Spirit all the credit of the peace and prosperity of our people. There is absolutely no drunkenness; we never hear of crime, and poverty is unknown. Good will and contentment are the order of the day. People come from all directions, inquiring 'What is Truth?' and we joyfully pull down the curtains of delusion and let in the sunshine."

"Your dream," said I, "has come to pass."

"What dream?" she inquired.

"Of Marion and Helen and their two companies."

"Yes," she said, "I had nearly forgotten. Yes, my girls have arrived at the uplands of peace, and many are following their footsteps. Many, *very many*, are there now."

"Aunt Mary," said I, "your work has been greatly blest."

"It is the result of a never-failing Principle," said she. "It solves every problem, and restores mankind to its primal innocence through the gate of wisdom, into conscious possession of eternal Life."

FINALE.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven (all) churches which are in Asia (those receptive to truth).
—*Rev. 1: 10, 11.*



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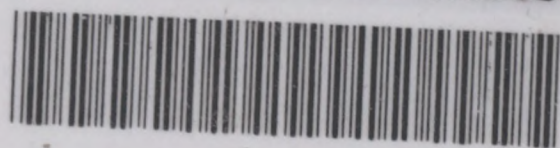
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